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THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;
OR,
WELLS IN COUNCIL.
A POEM,

WHICH DID NOT
OBTAIN THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL.

BY
ONE OF THE UNWASHED.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY AND FOR JOSEPH WAKEFIELD DOUGHTY;
SOLD BY
BRANTON, FITZROY STREET; WOODS, JAMES STREET;
WALCOT, REGENT STREET; BURRELL, ANNESLEY PLACE;
STEVERSON AND DIGHTON,
AND BY ALL *RESPECTABLE* BOOKSELLERS.

M.DCCC.XLIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poem openeth after the conflict Municipal hath been fought, and WELLS the valiant hath triumphed, leaving prostrate on the field of East Barnwell his foe, hight BARTLETT, who mightily rageth but is not heeded. The Poem thence commeneeth with the appearance of the Hero in Council. It recounteth that divers men in garb of blue, have forced him back from the entrance to the seat he chooseth to occupy, by tories kept select for Aldermanic wisdom. He entereth by another door, and declaimeth against the usurpation; then he advanceth to the foot of the barrier erected contrary to Act Municipal, and he scaleth it, but in the attempt is opposed by Brother Jonathan, whom he vanquisheth, not without struggling, and maketh good his seat on Bench Aldermanic. The Poet then skippeth an hour's time, and the Hero harangueth the senators; noise ariseth, much from the CHRONICLER, whom the hero silenceeth, and *Bardolph* blusheth—not extemporaneously. Meantime WOODLEY eateth bread and cheese, but at last biteth his own tongue for spleen. The ex-mayor is graced with vote of thanks, which WELLS, the uncompromising, denieth. He expatiates on his faults, which none deny. Rance talketh about the Protestant Faith, of which he understandeth nothing. The Hero laugheth at him, and enlogizeth his physiognomy. RANCE quaiileth. The Hero enlargeth on the ex-mayor's deficiencies, and accuseth him of desecrating the Sabbath;—the ex-mayor answereth nothing. The Hero dilateth on the wickednesses of the Police, and much confusion reigneth. He adverteth to one BALLS, who dwelleth in durance vile for wrongs uncommitted, but manufactured by the Police, and loud indignation prevaiileth. He speaketh of two pounds two shillings, liberally subscribed by the ex-mayor, for the sustenance of Her Majesty,—which Her Majesty scorneth, and people laugh at. The Council affect to deride the Hero, and he termeth them "*Cock-pit hyænas!*" which finisheth his harangue. Uproar and applause ensueth; whereupon extraordinary phenomena happeneth.

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THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;
OR,
WELLS IN COUNCIL.

CANTO I.

“WHY am I thus obstructed on the stair
“By your policeman? tell me, Mister Mayor!
“I ask the question, and your answer need,
“Who authoriz’d the fellow to impede?
“I want a seat upon a high-back’d chair,
“Not on a form like *that!* and I declare
“If against me you close the outer door,
“This way is open, I shall clamber o’er!
“No member of that force shall me retard,
“While I’m a *council* for the *Eastern Ward*.”

High on the *dais*, BROTHER JONATHAN
Spat on his hands and rose to lead the van;
His pale cadav’rous countenance was flush’d,
As, like a snarling mongrel, on he rush’d:
His pugilistic attitude display’d,
While others shut their eyes and *offered aid*¹.
Stern, steady, fix’d determination paints
The brow or visage of the combatants—.

1. See Stevenson’s statement,—“I saw no assault committed,”—evidently he shut his eyes; but “none are so blind as those who will not see.”

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“Keep down! keep down! how dare you be so rude,
 “Thus on the bench to venture to intrude?”

Amid confusion, laughter, noise, and racket,
 Joe thrust his fingers in *Mun's* velvet jacket²!

“*Go it, ye cripples!*” Edmund, for a dollar!
 “The feather dangles from the other's collar!”

But all was useless; in a minute he
 Mounted the barrier with agility;—
 Careless alike of shouts from Balls or Brown,
 He sat beside an aldermanic gown;
 While like two ogres, swinging high their arms,
 The Bookworms stood aghast, with dire alarms:
 Signs of applause reverb'rate round the hall,
 While the town-clerk aloud their names did call;
 And when the business of the day commences,
 One would have thought that *all* had lost their senses.

Let's skip an hour,—impatient fancy begs;
 The sturdy representa-*tive* is on his legs:—
 Mark his bold eloquence!—his eye of fire!—
 His biting satire!—his sarcastic ire!—

“What would ye have? ye curs who sit below,
 “Whose only pleasure is to cause a row;
 “Who at your leader's beck will bawl and shout,
 “And with the vilest rabble make a rout.

2. For the trial and conviction of Alderman Deighton, see the Cambridge Papers, Nov. 18th, 1843; the gentleman may there refresh his memory, and learn to curb his hot and hasty nature. His defence was, that he did not *push* Mr. Wells, but *vice versa*.

"Look at an honest man, and then be quiet,
 "Nor keep that *Cock-pit* in this state of riot;
 "I'm sent to speak the truth, and ye shall hear it,
 "Although your troubled consciences can't bear it.
 "I'm not to be put down by clam'rous calls
 "From pimpled *Bardolph*³! or from puppy Balls!
 "I hate to sit among those noisy fools,
 "Those college tradesmen, they are crawling tools.
 "*I'm* no dependent councillor, and will
 "Sit where I please, while I the office fill.
 "Is Woodley *sharp*! that he must ever be
 "Making such ugly angry mouths at me?
 "To be outdone in courtesy I *scorns*,
 "I care not for his fists, but fear his *horns*!
 "Think not that I will ever stand beside
 "His branching antlers, which extend so wide,
 "But let him foam and rage, or madly please
 "To stop his mouth by gnawing bread and cheese⁴.
 "Let Deck roar 'horrible!' and cry 'profane!'
 "To one and all I say, ye bawl in vain.
 "Let Swann for *compensation* vainly preach,
 "All other objects are beyond his reach;
 "Like Paganini, playing on one string,
 "Until no sound is left that he can bring.
 "Let Fisher *earwhig*, and his party spleen
 "With *Blue-Book* rancour still befoul the scene;
 "Embellish'd with a bird, a five-pound note
 "I never gave for one recorded vote.

3. The well-know "Chronicler" is now an Alderman, (the force of humbug can no farther go!) how long he holds the office will be settled by the gentlemen of the long robe.

4. FACT! To give himself *fancies*, Woodley stood eating *maggots*!!

"Shade of respected *Horell*! venture near,
 "And whisper '*Turncoat*' in his recreant ear;
 "Who palm'd his brother on the easy Whigs,
 "And then began to jump his Jim Crow jigs.—
 "Pray Warwick⁵ be still, nor strive to pull
 "Your visage longer, keep your temper cool;
 "I know a fact, and, if you don't *lay* down,
 "I'll name the servant bribed with half-a-crown⁵;
 "It ill becomes a college rat like you
 "To bend your fist, or scowling knit your brow.
 "But 'tis a vote of thanks ye fain would pass
 "On one in office but a tether'd ass,
 "Whose every act has daily prov'd that he
 "Is but the puppet that he scorns to be;
 "His private character is good I own,
 "But what has that to do with all the town?—
 "Look at his public deeds, and then who says
 "His acts instead of censure merit praise?
 "What has he done, that ye a vote propose?
 "And for a mouth-piece fix upon '*Old Clothes*!'
 "*Bill-clipping* Bishop, '*gentleman*,' or tailor,
 "Scarce fit to make a speech for Charley Naylor:
 "Why did not '*Brown the Chronicler*' come out,
 "Or is his *eloquence* put up the spout?
 "FALVEY is gone, he need not be afraid
 "To bring his fulsome flattery to aid;—

5. *Bob.* If a man finds a Bank Note in a College, and pays another to say nothing about it, is that honest?

Bill. Yes, *perviding* he an't found out.

Bob. If a man courts a daughter, and gains her 'fections, then marries her mother, is that honourable?

Bill. Nit by any means!

“And pray who follows in the clipper’s dance?
 “Who but the *modest* mealy-mouth’d young Rance!
 “Who with a smooth tongued speech, concise sublime,
 “Whose very *image* plain bespeaks ’tis *Pryme*.
 “Concerning Faith, and Oath, and Fear, and Hate,
 “Faggots and Fire, and Stephen’s⁶ direful fate.—
 “Well, if a vote of thanks, or such like trash,
 “Ye’d pass upon him, I’ll not spare the lash.
 “Has he not always been the ready tool
 “Of every bigot of the tory school?
 “Has he not sat with Fisher at his ear,
 “Asking advice in cases plain and clear?
 “Afraid to give an answer any day
 “Until at ‘Jesus’ he has found his way,
 “With bow obsequious sought the Master’s leave
 “To any boon that common sense would give.
 “How like Mac-sycophant he opes the door;
 “Bends like a graceless varlet to the floor.
 “Has he not tugg’d and strain’d his every nerve,
 “The vilest party purposes to serve?
 “Turning the Sabbath from a day of rest
 “To bribing, treating, drunkenness at best!⁷
 “Refused the Hall to applications made
 “By those who wanted to discuss Free Trade.
 “Though the great mass had borne oppression long,
 “Denied their *right* to rectify the *wrong*!
 “Refus’d to let great Father Mathew come,
 “To curb intemp’rance, and to make the home

6. The reader must distinctly understand that no allusion is here made to fat Stephen of *Fairecloth Hall*, who would *turn* many times, but never *burn*!

7. Remember the Election, *March* 1843.

"Of drunkards different to what it were,
 "To all entreaties turn'd a post-deaf ear.
 "Denied, unless to beg for foreign knaves,
 "Or buy new flannel waistcoats for the slaves.
 "Or send a mission unto Jericho,
 "Where nought but weeds and wild bulrushes grow,
 "Or propagate the gospel 'mongst the Jews;
 "And yet to give poor *Canham* bread refuse.
 "Deeply *he* drank starvation's bitter cup,
 "Taxing the town to bring his children up.
 "Ready for any thing for factious ends,
 "He sacrific'd the *man* to please his friends¹.
 "Refus'd when elemental strife had driven
 "And dash'd the poor man's hope from earth to heav'n,
 "Refus'd to call a meeting to relieve,
 "And by example urging men to give.
 "Has he been liberal in act or deed?
 "Clothing the needy whom he saw in need.
 "Has he perform'd one act of charity,
 "That his time-serving name should honour'd be?
 "What has he done that ye would thus requite?
 "Would ye on vellum his *do-nothings* write?
 "Has he not been in league with Captain Bailey?
 "Gulling the public, forging rivets daily!
 "O'er the police he threw a shelt'ring hand,—
 "The basest rogues and scoundrels of the land!

8. Canham had lived from boy to manhood on the premises, when his master introduced him to a well-known doctor, who employed him in *bribery*! hence his imprisonment and subsequent neglect. A friend found him in London, ill and destitute, and lying upon straw; he gave him a small pittance and advised him to return home:—poor fellow! he had erred, and found the world a beggar's home! He returned to Cambridge, opened the door of that friend's house, and fell from exhaustion. He was taken to Addenbroke's Hospital and there died.

"Hired those whom other counties would dismiss
 "For crimes they have exceeded far in this!
 "In Shadbolt's case, 'gainst justice has been striving,
 "And at that foul conspiracy conniving?
 "Who screen'd Jack Sheppard⁹, from a felon's days?
 "Is it for this ye would accord him praise?
 "Who every day has heard their perjuries,
 "Their party-statements, their unblushing lies!
 "With Bays¹⁰ well-skill'd (?) in getting up a case;
 "*Foul*-stealing vagabonds that bring disgrace!
 "Who honest men confine with arrant knaves,
 "Vagrants with thieves, whom poverty made slaves.
 "Does this become the chairman of a state?—
 "*Who screens a villain makes his own crime great!*
 "And would ye write a record of his acts,
 "Who daily view'd such base untoward facts,
 "Who could with partial eye exulting see
 "The crowning copestone plac'd on treachery?
 "Remember Balls! not him who strains his wizen,
 "But the poor fellow now confined in prison.
 "Ye so dependent on a tutor's gown,
 "That scarcely dare ye call your souls your own.
 "Think not I'll ever join a buffoon crew,
 "Who crouch servilely, fearful what they do;
 "Ye baseborn hirelings of a tory tribe!
 "Well skill'd in uttering lying jeer and gibe!
 "Who vote the people's property away,
 "Compelling honest poverty to pay;

9. The cognomen by which Inspector Thresher is known.

10. A celebrated lawyer who gained *one farthing* (without costs) for damages done to his *character!!!*

"Panders to priests! whose tyranny is worse
 "Than what was borne beneath the Rutland curse!
 "Whose dreadful pow'r few fear, but all despise!—
 "Ride rough-shod o'er our rights and liberties.
 "If ye can flatter, *Do it!* bravely now!
 "And give to Stevenson what's not his due!
 "If any act of his deserves applause,
 "I'll raise my hand in any upright cause;
 "His private life and virtues are his own,
 "*Keep them* to grace his monumental stone:
 "His public deeds are ours, and on the sand
 "Trace them, for they'll disgrace the very land!
 "But let me not withhold from him his due,
 "Did he not nobly fork out *Two Pounds Two!*
 "For crackers, squibs, and fireworks on the green,
 "To please the boys who came to see the Queen!
 "So Favell gave his mite, and meanly then
 "Drew his subscription from his working men."
 "'Tis my intention, Mister Mayor, to move
 "A vote of censure where I can't approve.
 "You may outvote me, nay, I know you will;
 "*Cock-pit hyænas!* I'll annoy ye still!

He finish'd,—wild delight and sound and fury,
 Echo'd from Bene't Street to Petty Cury!
 E'en Mitchell's lion shook his mane and tail
 To *hear* th' applause that did so long prevail;
 While the bold Eagle turn'd his beak awry,
 Screaming with horror when he *heard* the cry,
 Then snapp'd his gilded chain and tow'ring sought the sky!!

Preparing for Publication.

THE EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES
OF
SHADBOLT THE YOUNGER.



THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

CANTO II.

BY

ONE OF THE UNWASHED.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOSEPH WAKEFIELD DOUGHTY;

SOLD BY

STEVEYSON, DIGHTON, AND HALL BOOKSELLERS.

M.DCCC.XLIV.

Price Sixpence.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Song commenceth with an invocation to WOODLEY. It proceedeth to advise him for his good, and humorously alludeth to his horns, which branch widely. He is besought to eschew "*Dying Jacob*" and his "*Faith*," and counselled to exercise mercy towards his rib. The shortest cut is then shewn to him to Elysium. The Poet next singeth of ADCOCK, with his brazen form. His evil deeds are described, himself likened unto a spider, and his influence assimilated to the noxious poison of the Upas. The Poet castigateth him until he winceth, and bringeth before him his victims. The vision of his illegitimate progeny ariseth before his view, and a lamp is given to him, by which he distinguisheth his crimes more clearly.—RATNETT next cometh on the stage, his visage rubicund, but he looketh melancholy and glum. He cometh sneaking from the "West," whence he hath been scouted; he learneth his letters as he advanceth. The memory of *Creeke* ariseth as Ratnett clamoureth about his honesty; affrighted he confesseth his sins. The countenance of Creeke looketh on him fiercely with disdain. Ratnett flieth away.—Ilyæna JONATHAN appeareth, his ears bloodless; as he passeth, people scoff and scorn him. His ingratitude and tergivisation are exhibited to him. A catalogue of falsehoods is given to him, he readeth and recognizeth his own words; he attempteth to eat them, but the lies choke him. He retireth in dire agony, FISHER followeth with a Blue Book. The spirits of a common *Hack*, of *Talbot*, *Parfitt*, *Bays*, and *Scott*, are raised for an instant, and then sent to their native obscurity for a time.—The Song then concludeth.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;
OR,
SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

CANTO II.

HAIL! Woodley, hail! again I'll touch my harp,
Though its discordant notes are much too *sharp*;
Of thee I'll sing,—and if I should proclaim
Aught to the world about thy buxom dame,
'Tis but a flight of fancy, which can ne'er
Dissolve those ties which bind thee to thy dear:
'Tis time those *horns* I sang before were shed,
You need no ornament to grace your head;
You've long been used to hear the naughty boys
Say wicked things of your domestic joys,
And if your chatting servant girls will prate
About the front door and the garden gate,
Am I to blame—because I let you know
That others try to decorate your brow?
Am I to blame—because loud rumour saith
She loves to hear of “*Dying Jacob's Faith*?”
Who like a lover can so well explain
The text and context in a *melting* strain?
Am I to blame—if, when you're at the board,
He whispers in her ear from learning's hoard?—

No, mighty Marcus! be you still amus'd,
 Let not your confidence become abus'd;
 Ne'er, like a *humble dealer*, stray from home,
 To scare the League¹, let other mortals roam;
 Ne'er on the hustings shew an empty head,
 Lest the vile rabble name the word you dread;
 At all her follies still so kindly wink,
 And let remembrance dwell on 'Edith Pink.'
 Laugh not,—far better men than you have been
 Compell'd to think of monster's *rather* green;
 Among the highest nobles, names we see
 Who wear fine antlers quite as large as thee.
 Caution'd you were to keep yourself prepar'd,
 Again I give advice—be on your guard;—
 Keep "*Dying Jacob*" and his "*Faith*" away,
 And if she must have pray'rs, then *try* to pray;—
 Let all her peccadilloes be forgiv'n,
 So shall you mount the easiest way to heav'n.

Could my poor verse immortalize a name,
Adcock I'd place within a niche of fame;
 He claims my best attention, and my pen,
 Without a preface, seeks this "worst of men."
 See where his brazen form immense uprears,
 Fatten'd with widows' and with orphans' tears:
 O Conscience! conscience! can a man grow sleek
 Whose every action scalds another's cheek?

1. At Colchester this Woodley figured on the platform, he described himself "a humble tea dealer from Cambridge," but, not understanding the principles of Free Trade, he was soon all abroad. The audience laughed, and told him to go home, for he was not *sharp*! Woodley wept!!

Can he feel quiet, calm his peace of mind,
 Who spares nor age, nor sex, nor human kind?
 Can he feel sleep who drives it from the door,
 And never leaves a client till he's poor?
 Like to a spider, with its magic art,
 Winding its web around the human heart;
 The baneful influence of the Upas tree
 Destroys not with a deadlier certainty!
 Yes, smiles are ever on his face, and when
 He lifts his voice among his fellow men,
 His tongue's persuasive eloquence commands
 Injustice to be done by other hands;
 About morality presumes to talk,
 And asks a lamp to light him in his walk,
 Fearful the optics of a *pretty* wife
 Should glance o'er scenes which glad her former life.
 When she from *Poland* with her sister stray'd
 Came back a *matron* whence she fled a *maid*!—
 Does any body wish to wrong a friend?
 Seek his advice,—a willing ear he'll lend;
 Gain but his inner door, and then behold
 His pond'rous stomach, and his head of gold,—
 See him surrounded with *his deeds*, and then
 Flee from the dwelling of this “worst of men:”
 Go ask of *Faircloth*! if the tale be true;
 He'll bid you hesitate before ye sue;
 He'll tell you how the forging caitiff stood
 Begging, as if he felt the *hemp* and *rood*,
 He'll tell you how the man he deem'd a friend
 Betray'd his confidence, and gain'd his end,

He'll tell you how the hypocritic knave
 Sank on the floor, and did for mercy crave²;
 He'll tell you how *mock*-penitential tears
 Chas'd down his cheek, and sodden'd both his ears;
 How like a crawling snake he felt his way
 Twining and twisting till he seiz'd his prey.
 Ill-timed compassion saved him still to rob
 The widow's bread, and caus'd the bursting sob!
 Clap up a board, or paint upon the wall
 "Man-traps set here! Beware! 'tis *Faircloth Hall*."
 Let clients who will enter at the door,
 Give up all hopes of being aught but poor.
 Is *Andrews* still alive?—none more than he
 Could speak so well of Stephen's treachery:
 Hear him for epithets his memory stretch,—
 "The smiling villain!"—"the detested wretch!"
 You talk of *morals*! sure the devil at least
 We may expect turn puritan or priest:
 I'm sick at heart, my very pulse beats faint
 To hear your lane attempts to be a saint!
 Your house has been a *brothel*,—all your tears
 Can't wash away the infamy of years.
 Does young *Priscilla's* child in accents lisp?
 Is its name Stephen? Do they call it *Crisp*?
 On Shelford common runs your flaxen boy,
 Whose birth brought sorrow wild, instead of joy.
 Can *Lucy's* young one stroll on Swavesey fen,
 Or doth the grave contain this specimen?

2. He sank on his knees and exclaimed, "my life is in your hands, spare me! spare me for my children's sake!"—Vide *Legends of Faircloth Hall*, p. 11.

Live, Adcock, live!—encag'd in *Faircloth Hall*,
 Till call'd for judgment where your suit must fall.
 From off a burnish'd set of plate go dine,
 Wash down your viands with your Sidney wine,
 Think, when you swallow the bright liquid up,
 How 'twas obtain'd, and drain the sparkling cup.
 You want a lamp—because immoral deeds
 Are done when Nature wears her sable weeds:
 Well, have the lamp,—may future ages tell
 It sav'd one client from a lawyer's hell!

Thus far for Stephen³! others yet demand
 The pen of satire from a fearless hand.
 RATNETT⁴ quits *goose* and *cabbage*; far too low
 To feel the lash, he yet shall fear the blow.
 Let him contented sell himself for trade,
 Nor strive to injure where he ought to aid;
 Let him remember those he taught to stand
 'Gainst the oppression of a Master's hand;
 There's credit due to those who make their way,
 O'er whom Misfortune shed her darkest ray,
 If no foul means are used to buoy them up,
 Welcome are they to taste a better cup:
 But some forget themselves whene'er she smiles,
 Or tyrants turn, or tools when she beguiles.
 Keep to the *shop-board*, dread the council floor,
 Nor use base means to tamper with the poor;

3. In a future Canto will appear a short history of Knight's Cottenham case.

4. The mild unassuming *modesty* of "the tailor" is equalled only by the beautiful tint of his blushing countenance.

Leave the false "Chronicler" to lie, nor write
 Until you learn far better to indite;
 Purchase a spelling-book, nor play the fool,
 Serawl not for Cowell ere you've been to school⁵;
 Think of the danger from the spirits' fume
 Should you and Brown be in the Council Room;
 The union of internal heat might fire,
 And self-combustion form a funeral pyre!
 We want no *rat* to represent the "West,"
 She has her freedom, nor would be oppress'd;
 She has her freedom!—and will ever be
 In the first rank to spurn a tool like thee!
 "If I'm an honest man"⁶, give me your vote,
 "Or you shall never make another coat;
 "*Live and let live*'s my motto, vote for me,
 "Although in principle we can't agree;
 "I'm master now!—if I to tutors bend,
 "I am, indeed I am, *the poor man's friend*!"
 Bang went the door,—*Creeke! Creeke!* the hinges cry—
 "Boy bring some oil, perhaps the joints are dry;
 "It makes my very hair to stand on end
 "To hear the *iron* name my cast off friend,—
 "He who, when hungry, penniless I stood,
 "Gave me assistance, sought my gratitude,
 "Shirtless and shoeless, stow'd in one small room,
 "Help'd me, a stranger, to a better home.—
 "Down, busy memory, nor let me dream
 "*How* I turn'd master and succeeded him."

5. The infamous letter written by him for Cowell was taken up in a spirited manner by the Chairman, Sir G. Harnage, the vote of censure which followed ought to be a lesson to the parishioners never to elect him again.

6. There can be but *one* opinion about it.

From paltry knaves I'll soar to traitors bold
 Who'd turn their coats and sell their skins for gold.
 See one, a laughing harlequin appears,
 Hyæna *Jonathan!* with bloodless ears,
 Like Banquo's ghost he flits before mine eye,
 The scoff and scorn of every passer by.
 "Oh!" he exclaim'd a few brief years ago,
 "We're ruin'd! help us to ward off the blow.
 "Prop! Musgrave! prop our credit ere we sink,
 "Save! Bowstead! save! we stand on ruin's brink."
 They kept the firm from sinking, when he spies
 Their shelves well fill'd with goodly libraries,
 Content, he smiled, but soon the alter'd man
 Swerves from his course, *heigh, presto!* chang'd his plan.
 No more to hope from radical or whig,
 He cut their company, and wondrous big
 Began to talk about the Church and State,
 And gave his friends the venom of his hate!
 Shook hands with tories against whom he'd rail'd,
 And struck the colours under which he sail'd;
 'Gainst out-door pressure tried to stem the storm,
 Quite horror-stricken at the word, "Reform."
 Hard had he strove for popular applause,
 The boasted friend of freedom and her cause!
 Vow'd for the people he would never fail,
 Nor time should alter him, nor threat prevail;
 "Return me but a member for a Ward,
 "'Gainst all extravagance I'll be your guard;
 "If you would be relieved, in me you have
 "A real whig radical, no great man's slave.

"Your rates are heavy, and abuses fleece
 "The poor man's earnings, through this new Police;
 "I'll probe those evils to the very core,
 "I'll save th' expenses which distress the poor."
 Now see him dance upon the higher bench,
 With as much manhood as a country wench;
 Just mark his countenance! observe his eye!
 Compare him unto what?—*a living lie!!*
 Denying evils which he knows exist,
 He thumps down falsehood with a puny fist:
 Place his dear brother on a high back chair,
 And let them sit together,—*precious pair!*
 On! on! Joe Jonathan! your course pursue,
Fisher shall follow with his "Book of Blue."

The spurious offspring of a common *Hack*
 Demand some time to draw their portraits,—black
 Are his deeds who wears the curly tails,
 The useful tool where bribery prevails;
 While *Talbot*, *Parfitt*, "lawyer" *Bays*, and *Scott*,
 May rest contented,—they are not forgot.

Thus far have I proceeded, and 'tis time
 To rest upon my oars,—my humble rhyme,
 Ere I have done, shall fairly shew up all
 The rats who prey upon us.—If I fall?
 But that's impossible,—for I am grown
 Careless, and quite indifferent,—up or down
 Deaf to the wide world's praise,—regardless of her frown!!

7. "He who is down needs fear no fall."—*Bunyan*.

Preparing for Publication.

CANTO III.

SKETCHES CONTINUED.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

CANTO III.

BY

ONE OF THE UNWASHED.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOSEPH WAKEFIELD DOUGHTY;

SOLD BY

STEVERSON, DIGHTON, AND HALL BOOKSELLERS.

M.DCCC.XLIV.

Price Sixpence.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poet indulgeth in some opening stanzas to the King-Fisher. He approveth of his plumage, and laudeth his *bill*, but execrateth his *note*. He sheweth that note to have been more dishonoured than *Barker's*, the *Informer*, and then resigneth that note to destruction because it is unchangeable. The song then commenceth by leading on to the stage, in the chains of servility which he hath forged for himself, ex-mayor Blue Book FISHER. Him the Poet castigateth, and setteth rats, of large size and voracity, to torment him. Presently he placeth him before a Committee of Parliament men; they put questions to him, and *George* answereth with lies, and swooneth away. He is refreshed with strong waters and reneweth the fight. The Parliament men vex him sore; his lies avail him nothing. He then resorteth to the defence of the *Skunk**, and driveth the Parliament men away with foul smells!!—The Poet then setteth a crawling reptile called LONG, to harass the unhappy Fisher, who sneaketh away, clanking his chains, followed by LONG.—STEPHEN, with the brazen front, next appeareth, elad in the skins of rats; he hath long pockets, filled with gold. Four shadows hover round him, hight Russell, Lyatt, Knight, and Peters. A fifth advanceth near him, clothed in a convict's garb, and wearing fetters. He uttereth the name of *Hunt*, and Stephen, with cries of affright and fear, flieth away with his gold.—Next cometh, riding on a cask, Bacchus like, and clothed in red robes, with a face jolly and rubicund, BARDOLPH BROWN, who hath achieved the Mayoralty. Bardolph is much intoxicated, and the Poet addresseth him as his Laureate, with an ode. Bardolph is accompanied by his Fool, *Beauty* DIMMOCK, who hath curls, and grinnetli like a baboon. The Poet describeth how Bardolph would administer justice.—PARFITT appeareth, "talking small like a woman;" he hath dined, and goeth with Bardolph to drink, people jeer him as he passeth. The procession then disappeareth in the holes and corners of the *Chronicle* office and the third song concludeth.

* See *Peter Parley's Tales of Animals*, p. 154.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;
OR,
SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

CANTO III.

ODE TO A KING-FISHER!

MY pretty bird! my pretty bird! who stands but never sings,
I love to view thy glossy beak, the plumage of thy wings;
I love to see the tint which shines so brightly on thy throat,
And thy resemblance any where but on that *banker's* note!
How oft, to keep the wolf away, I've thought to get that cash'd,
E'en if I lost the interest, a ray of hope has flash'd;
When pain and sickness bore me down upon a restless bed,
And wild delirium's phantasies oppress'd my aching head,
I still had hope, too long I had, that you would be call'd in,
And after waiting many a year, that GEORGE would drop the "tin;"
But hope deferr'd makes sick the heart,—I verily can see
That I may put you on the fire, for there's *no change in thee!*

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.

RECREANT FISHER! twice you've fill'd the chair,
Or, rather *thrice*¹ disgraced the town as Mayor!
I owe you little—e'en civility
'Twas not my fortune to receive from thee.
I'm really grateful for the *courtesy*
On all occasions you have shewn to me,
By nod, or frown, or whisper, word or tone—
Felt, but not cared for: I'll repay the loan.

1. During Stevenson's Mayoralty he occupied the chair only, Fisher leaned upon it daily, sometimes with visible annoyance to the Mayor.

Your acts, your deeds, your ratting, and your name,
 Are deep imprinted in a Blue Book's fame;
 'Twill longer stand than you can hire "the Leys,"
 Longer than you can live, new friends to please.
 Well I remember your first acts were base,
 Your word denied, and settled deep disgrace
 Attach'd unto your name, which some would deem
 Firm as small-bridge, pellucid as the stream;
 But now you roll, as doth the tempest-tost
 Bark on the sea of Truth, with rudder lost;
 Your very statements all your friends despise,
 Your hard-sworn facts—synonymous with lies—
 Your falt'ring, stammering, coward evidence,
 Your lack of every thing like common sense:
 One would have thought a man of *middling* station
 Could bear, unnerv'd, a fair examination;
 Assert and contradict, forswear, and then
 Take a fresh lesson and begin again;
 With rueful countenance apologize
 To the Committee for your perjuries;
 Deny *in toto* all you said before,
 Then ask forgiveness till your eyes ran o'er;
 Grow faint, get tired, imploring to be led
 Out for a moment just to *cool* your head;—
 Refresh your memory,—get cram'm'd,—return,—
Lather'd by AUSTIN! *shar'd* by keen COCKBURN!
 On! on again! how slowly on time flies
 With one caught in a labyrinth of lies.
 The centre of a circle—like a bear,
 Your face dishonour'd! all befoul'd your rear!

See all around, a very crowded room
 Gasping for breath, "whence comes this fetid fume?
 "Is it the gas escap'd? no! what's amiss?
 "No gas so strong, nor charnel-house like this;
 "O for fresh air! let April's breezes fly,
 "Calcutta's hole to this was Araby!
 "Bring some pastiles, or aromatic roses,
 "Or sweet verbenas, it o'erpowers our noses;
 "Pray take him out! throw all the windows ope!
 "We shall be poison'd! give the current scope!"
 A miller among parsons makes his way,
 Sweeps in a crowd, no one will urge to stay.
 To get from Fisher for a *sweeter* air,
 They'd jump the windows, or would fly the stair.
 So was he left, completely in a swoon,
 Perjur'd, disgrac'd, besmear'd, and all alone;
 No "messenger" need keep against his back,
 Were he a mile off he could find his track².

And can a creature of this dirty nature
 Aspire to be our honest Legislator?

2. *Bob.* Tell us about the brickmaker's evidence.

Bill. When Manners Sutton was unseated, Fisher's conduct was disgraceful knocked about from truth to lies, he ate his words, begged pardon, and then ran wild again, he was baffled, bullied, coaxed, perplexed, and wheedled; 'twas no wonder that he fainted!

Bob. Fainted! did he? I've heard he ———

Bill. 'Twas true! He knew not what he said or did! The confusion of the company at such conduct was complete; the Chairman and Committee, followed by Cockburn and the Counsel, all clapped a *wipe* to their nostrils, and cut it directly. What a catastrophe!

Bob. I fancy the scene on the stairs!

Bill. What a taste you have, to *fancy* it! I can't describe it; and yet he is a Magistrate!! and wants to be Knighted!

Bob. He's *be-nighted* enough already!

O'er Britain's destiny to bear a sway,
 Whose face is brass, whose *wealth* is merely clay!
 Mould him like bricks of his own plastic gault,
 Nothing will hide the stain,—he's all a *fault*!

I blame the Whigs, with evidence so strong,
 To let him slip, and victimize *Sam Long*!
 Why, when a *Swann* or *Fisher*, hovers round,
 Shoot at a crawling reptile on the ground?
 A blow like this, once struck, they had been taught
 That freedom has her rights! The battle fought
 Beneath her banner, waving proudly free,
Hack'd and hewn down by servile treachery!
 And those who should administer the laws
 Be first to thwart both freedom and her cause!
 Commit a felon if he steals a coat,
 And yet defraud a poor man of his vote!
 When even-handed justice's taught to all
 By Him who "watches e'en a sparrows fall;"—
 Yet none are placed so high, but they may hear
 Truths sometimes spoken grating to the ear.

Well, *Stephen Adcock*! in the little sketch
 I tried to portray of a harden'd wretch,
 How (taking public feeling for my guide)
 Strange it doth seem that all should coincide:
 Not even one of all your party clique
 But say the lineaments are vastly like;
 Not one among your host of *present* friends
 But say, "Go on, 'twill answer public ends."

Your ratting I deny—how could you range?
 You never had a *principle* to change!
 Instead of WOODLEY you must be my stock,
 A self-taught artist, I will shape the block;
 While Russell, Ivatt, Knight³, and Peters are
 Among the cases I shall bring to bear.—
 The convict Hunt might still at home have slept,
 Had he but outside of your office kept;
 'Twas cent per cent upon a paltry loan,
 That cost him all; his life must still atone,
 When far across the wide and watery waste
 He thinks of comforts which he cannot taste;
 Scarcely “make safe” on mortgage, get the fees,
 Then send a note with

“Dear Sir,

If you please,

“I want the money I advanced upon

“Your house and grounds—you must remit the loan,

“If not convenient, I shall sell the farm

“Unto a client with a purse more warm;

“I am, Sir, truly yours.”—

House, homestead, lands,
 Ere he can turn, are all in Fison's hands;
 Then make the transfer, charge enormously,
 And get a good fat bonus *on the sly*⁴!

3. I must apologize for omitting Phoebe Knight's case in this number, being anxious to obtain such corroboration as may be relied on.

4. Hunt's life, for years, was a constant round of trouble, and torture without cessation; bailiffs and writs, frequently without either verbal or written notice. The sale of the estate was conducted with such indecent haste that the company complained loudly; but the hammer fell as soon as the lawyer was satisfied.

By base and pettifogging arts like these
 You may accumulate whene'er you please ;
 May break the ties which friendship bound for years,
 And hurl man's household gods about his ears ;
 Turn him a beggar o'er the world to roam,
 Without a penny—and without a home !

To what a pass would come our shackled town,
 Were he Town Clerk ! while red-nosed Charley Brown
 From Barnwell reels to the official chair,
 To hear him call'd the *Worshipful !* the *Mayor ! !*
 And things, absurd as these, perchance may be
 When next November comes, who lives may see.
 I'll picture to myself how all will stare,
 When up the Hall he struts as "Mister Mayor !" —
 Snapping and growling, as a surly dog,
 Or rather puffing, like a half-trounc'd frog ;
 Brown ! pimpled Bardolph ! drunken Charley Brown !
 First Magistrate and Mayor ! He mustn't frown
 Like Fisher, if I joke or run my rigs,
 Pray don't be hard upon us *humble Whigs* ;
 I'll be his Laureate ! weekly make an ode,
 I'll Latin learn, and write an episode ;
 I'll chant his fame in prose or humble rhyme,
 I'll laugh like HOOD, or be, like YOUNG, sublime !
 Oh ! 'tis a pleasure to anticipate
 The time when he shall be *Chief Magistrate !*
 He'll keep the rabble from the Council Room,
 And issue cards for those he'd wish to come.
 I'll be his Laureate, when the Bench he'll rule,
 And *beauty* DIMMOCK ! he shall be *the fool !*

Nor need we teach him any thing for that,
 He's made by Providence a *harmless* flat!
 We *must* be kept, and ancient story tells,
 You must provide *him* with a cap and bells!
 While with a borrow'd baton in his hands,
 Dimmock shall come each morn for our commands.
 Dimmock! the puppy of the present age!
 Dimmock the "handsome"!! dances on the stage!
 Leaves on the counter of his barber's shop
 His curling irons, and forth comes a fop!
 He shall go down to "Jesus" every day,
 To state the progress of our rule and sway;
 He'd ape our manners, be our abject slave,
 Or rather, our most sycophantic knave!
 And he shall *audit* (?) all our just accounts,
 When he has learnt to *calculate* amounts;
 A rich idea! of humbug quite a treat!
 Dimmock, first fool⁵! fat Stephen, rogue complete!
 Drunkards would then rejoice, for he'd inflict
 No fines on them, he'll never be so strict;
 To all their faults he'd shew a partial mind,
 "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."
 'Twould be absurd were he to levy fines,
 While his Bardolphian phiz divinely shines!

5. When the last Installation Dinner took place, the *barber* was Head Constable; some wags, who loved a joke, told him that his duty was to stand behind the Chancellor, and at every remove to *wipe his mouth*! The barber swallowed the bait, and stood with the napkin ready to operate. "What's the fellow after?" said the Duke. "Just—just—just wipe your mouth, Sar Duke,—my office, Sar,—my office, Sar." 'Twas a perfect *pictar*! as he expressed himself. But his worst mistake was at Downing; perhaps this hint will cause him to remember his assistants.

Oh! how we'd gorge in our exalted station,
 I mean ourselves—and not the corporation.
 A bloated Mayor, priest-ridden, and purblind,
 Without one talent useful to mankind⁶.

PARFITT! in mercy to yourself, keep back,
 Others there are, well fitted for the rack;
 At *Cold-scran Hall* with Billy Newby dine,
 Take baths with Lindsay, and with Brown take wine.
 Think for yourself, be *virtuous* betimes;
 Nor add seduction to a host of crimes!
 You'll soon cry out "Oh! Oh!" you'll have your gruel
 For I will make you recollect *poor* NEWELL!
 I've laid a birch in soak,—a rod in pickle—
 A quill to prick,—the feather just to tickle!

I cannot stay to polish every line,
 They come fresh rais'd from a neglected mine;
 'Tis for the good,—the public good alone,
 I'll dare the rancour of this servile town;
 No matter what *I* suffer, I can feel
 "He who can wound hath still the power to heal."
 What is, or who'll be next, let time alone reveal.

6. The inhabitants of the town may not know that the present Mayor accepted the office, rather than the high-backed chair should be *more* disgraced than it had been, for, at the private meeting, the "false Chronicler" obtained a vast majority of sweet voices!!

Preparing for Publication.

CANTO IV.

SKETCHES CONTINUED.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;

OR,

WELLS IN COUNCIL.

CANTO IV.

BY

ONE OF THE UNWASHED.

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M.DCCC.XLIV.

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THE ARGUMENT.

THE Song commenceth with a familiar expostulation to WELLS, the invincible. —The Poet urgeth him to come down from the Bench, and range himself by the side of his compeers, on the floor. To strengthen his argument, the Poet supposeth that which is incredible, viz. the exhibition of courage on the part of the “Young Swan.”—Then, leaving Wells, the Poet recalleth to the recollection of the *plucked Swan*, the case of certain *glandered* hacks, which served for the sustenance of divers hogs, which beasts, being turned into sausages, brought money into the pocket of the “featherless.”—WELLS then addresseth the Man of Law in the Council. He admireth at the voluminous folds of unpaid bills, in which the Lawyer is wrapped. One bill, which breathes the words, “The Queen against Cole,” spitteth fire at WELLS the indomitable, who defieth it, and asketh who called it into existence. He marvelleth who will pay it.—The Poet next singeth of *Fat Stephen*, and counselleth his purchase of a plot of ground, it being a convenient spot to dig a felon’s grave.—The Poet’s Muse hereupon becometh skittish, and he calleth for the Lord Hardwicke’s cat-o’-nine-tails, to scourge it with.—He next chasteneth the classic burglars, *Hildyard* and *Bates*, who break into honest men’s houses, and despoil them of their goods, upon the plea of “*privilege!*” The Poet scouteth such “privilege,” and laugheth at it.—He next empanelleth a Jury, for the especial behoof of the University, when its officers offend against the laws of the realm. He collecteth together a dozen crawling reptiles—things that can fawn and obey—and placeth at their head the *orator* (?) *Grick!!* and so concludeth the Song.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;
OR,
WELLS IN COUNCIL.

CANTO IV.

WHAT! on the bench again? How can you dare
To seat yourself upon a high-back'd chair?
Still with unblushing arrogance lay claim
To sit with Aldermen! pray what's your aim?
Do you, like *Fisher*, with a fondness love
To fix yourself so near the powers above,
In that dark vulgar jacket? so remote
From all *gentility*!—do get a coat.
But if on spencers you should still determine,
Let *Ratnett* sew upon the cuffs some ermine;
Or buy a second-hand old woman's cloak,
And have it faced with scarlet, for a joke;
Or wear a whole one o'er it as a gown,
And cut a swell like “drunken Charley Brown;”¹
The brilliant radiance of his brandy face
Reflecting on it, now I faintly trace.—
You're a bold pioneer, my old bell-wether,
It makes me weep to see ye both together.

1. Ordered—“That the Aldermen do attend in Council in drab and scarlet gowns.”—Resolved—That hoods and cloth veils be provided against next meeting, to spare their blushes!!

Why not keep down in goodly companie
Among the chosen "Friends of Liberty?"

Suppose young *Swann* had shewn a little pith,
And giv'n a knock-down argument to *Smith*,
When he assail'd him so upon the raw,
With his unanswerable bit of law!
Attack'd the Briber, and dishonor'd bill,
Could you have back'd him?—No—nor yet sat still:
You'd have got over—might have tumbled down—
And left a *Widder* at the Bell and Crown.
Then, never more, from that exalted station,
Heard Swann's last dying speech on "Compensation."
Yet, if again he harps upon that string,
Retort—and to his recollection bring
A tale I heard some little time ago,
(Mind *I* don't vouch the truth but *others* do).
Well then,—some time ago disease attacks
With glanders—quite incurable—some hacks,
Or rather horses of a larger build—
What is done with them? to be sure they're kill'd;
Well, they are slaughter'd—though unfit for dogs,
They're one by one devour'd!—by what? *some hogs*:
Are feasted on the carcasses—and, sent
Off by his waggon,—they to London went!
The nauseous pork was sold for sausages,
Or my informant—much mistaken—lies.
I did not see them, so 'twould be absurd
For me to qualify the current word;
I scarcely heed a rumour so degrading,
So opposite to all the rules of trading;

But Briber Swann full well the party knows,
 And could unfold the mystery, if he chose.
 Perhaps you'll ask him if he can't unriddle,
 'Twill add another string to William's fiddle.

But what's amiss with *Fisher*?—only look!
 He's scar'd and frighten'd at that awful book!¹
 Shame! shame on *Smith*, to make his temper boil,
 'Twill act upon him just like castor oil;
 You know *he* is so nervous,—it awakes
 Untoward recollections—how he shakes!
 “Doctor! I hope he will not suffer harm!
 “*Ar* Parfitt for some list to bind his arm.
 “Bleed! bleed him, Doctor!”—No, no,—if you please,
 Send for his dung-cart—take him to the “Leys.”
 “And now (says *WELLS*) to business—Town Clerk! stay!
 “And don't go through it in that hasty way;
 “You are, indeed, a *verry* strange compound
 “Of knowledge—doubt—and ignorance profound—
 “Slow in perception—yet so hostile to
 “Make us the better for your legal shew;
 “Your answers given, envelop'd so in doubt,
 “'Twould Satan task to find your meaning out.
 “Suppose a friend should ask you, ‘Are you well?’
 “You'd first go home and see, before you'd tell.
 “Old Cotton help'd you nicely to the mark,
 “When he palm'd you upon us as *Town-Shark*!²

1. Oh! red as fire has *Fisher* turn'd—Then, as turf ashes, pale he grew;
 Now bright again his anger burn'd—When he espied that “Book of Blue.”
 In vain he tried to check the sigh—Which struggling beat against his breast,
 He saw the record—and his eye—Spoke volumes more than he exprest—
 “I'm sinking fast—I'm *faint*!” he cried—“Pray lean upon my elbow chair.”
 “Curse that Blue Book! I might have died—But for your kindness, Mister Mayor.”

2. Clerk.—*Printer's Devil*.

"Some very pretty pickings you must make ;
 "You'll borrow all the plums from out the cake.
 "Why, what a host of papers you have got
 "Heap'd up together,—there's a precious lot!
 "Bless me! what are the *dockeyments* about?
 "I'm in the dark—lost, like yourself, in doubt.
 "Bills piled on bills! some *stiff 'uns* too, by goles!
 "That's an enormous one of Sergeant Cole's!
 "What—win the case, and lose a *hundred* pounds,
 "And *twenty-three*¹ beside? Upon what grounds——
 "Excuse my freedom, for I must be *aving*
 "If it won't bear a *verry leetle* taxing?
 "I am unwilling to create a fuss,—
 "But these expenses are most infamous!
 "Who order'd the defence?—indeed I throb
 "To wriggle to the bottom of this job;
 "I'm sore dissatisfied, and I must speak it,
 "Even Joe Jonathan can hardly cheek it."—

'Tis put, and carried.—"Mister Wells, sit down!"
 "Aye, so it may be, but I'll tell the town
 "How the *or-tommy-tuns* hold up their hands,
 "Whenever Joey Jonathan commands."

"What about *Adcock's* ground? stop, *Harris*—stay—"
 For forty pounds of ready cash he may
 Enfranchise that small portion of estate
 Near the church-yard,—'twill add a little weight
 Unto our capital,—and it will be
 Worth more to him by being render'd free;—

1. The exact amount is £123. 0s. 4d.

Just eight feet long,—so very near his home;
A proper size to form a costly tomb,
Or build a monument!

“I pardon crave,
“*What a nice spot to dig a felon's grave!*
“So shaded up the corner, and so near
“The consecrated ground,—it can't be dear!”
But let him build his monument—or tomb;
I'll have my dinner and again resume.

My skittish Muse! I can't her course restrain,
Although I am most anxious to refrain;
She pants for liberty—controul she scorns—
Defies the spur,—though *sharp* as Woodley's¹ horns;
Could I confine her *small* as Parfitt's voice,
Yet far more musical, I should rejoice,—
Like an Æolian harp, whose dulcet notes
Upon the ear in summer's stillness floats;
Young—wild and whimsical—she'll not submit
To bridle—curb—rein—martingale—or bit.
Had I Lord Hardwicke's² cat-o'-nine-tails, I'd
Teach her to swerve, or *he* should tan her hide.
She quits “the Bench,” and scampers in a rage
Off to Christ Coll: the Proctors to engage.

HILDYARD and BATES! ye *classic* burglars, come,—
Are ye impatient to break up a home?

1. This name would not have appeared, had it not been for the infamous lie in the Chronicle last week;—instead of being only *three!* the numbers belonging to “The LEAGUE,” in this town, are nearly *four hundred!!* all as *intelligent* as himself—and many more so.

2. A boy was flogged most unmercifully, by order of this *toady* of the Minister and *accidental* aristocrat, a short time ago, for killing a *leveret*.

Search ye for victims of *your* youth's pollution,
 Whom want and mis'ry drive to prostitution?
 Search ye for sinks of infamy and vice?—
 Go to fat Stephen's—don't be over-nice.
 None worse can e'er be found, where-e'er ye roam;
 There lives a Pander, in a Harlot's home!

Must ye drag *Turner* out and then besiege
 His house with tipstaffs—call it "*privilege!*"
 Will it add lustre to a full-sleev'd gown
 If ruin treads upon the heels of *Brown*?
 No matter what their future days engage,
 Discommune them—'tis your high "*privilege.*"
 Is't well or wisely in your sacred station
 To beggar them by dastard litigation.
 You've done together an ignoble feat,
 But you are shelter'd by acts obsolete;
 Raked up the deeds of history's darkest age,
 To crush those victims with your "*privilege!!*"
 You're well protected in your heartless sport,
 By all means try the cases in your court;—
 Banish reporters on the day of trial—
 Your justice claims a "*privileged*" denial.
 'Tis well to screen your tyranny by acts
 Made by a tyrant;—*Moderns judge by facts!*
 A mean confounded doctrine that ye teach,
 Involve them both—then mercy, mercy preach!
 PREACH! bounce and balderdash—for who'd believe
 The doctrines which ye'd urge them to receive?
 Expel your pupils if they pass their door,
 You're "*privileged*" to *make and keep* them poor.
 Oh! 'twas a pity little lawyer *Thwiss*
 Did not make out a better brief than this:

Why didn't you visit *Stephen*? for your case
 Must cover you with merited disgrace.
 Apply to *Adcock*, he's your "hope forlorn,"
 If you are anxious for contempt and scorn;
 His clients ye should be, my *learned* sages,
 Then screen yourselves behind your "*privileges*!"
 He'd ruin both, with pleasure—aye, and would
 Swallow your "*privileges*"—if he could.

Can I, a calm spectator, view the storm
 Gath'ring o'er *Turner*? No!—at school, one form
 Bore us together,—we were fellow mates;
 And shall I see him crippled now by *Bates*,—
 And make no effort—no attempt to raise
 A cry to help him in his later days?
 While I can rhyme a lay, or write a farce on
 A bullying boatswain¹, who for gain turn'd parson,
 While *Brown* and *Turner*, both upon the stage
 Shall ridicule your actions—and your rage
 Exhibit to the world,—they shall in short
 Turn every boasted "*privilege*" to sport!

Crush them! then seek some calm sequester'd nook,
 Get a fat living,—by the chrystal brook
 Reflect and moralize—learn mercy—preach
 Forgiveness—and be *laugh'd at* when ye teach.

Does it become a Christian minister
 To blight a tradesman, if he chance to err?
 'Tis an inglorious feeling! how ye pant
 To see their wives and families in want!
 Yet if on earth ye will not them befriend,
 Then point to heaven—and bid their troubles end!

1. *Bates*, the Proctor, held some menial office in the navy. A pretty school for a *Parson*!

Perchance ye'll need a jury for your court,—
 Pray let me pick one—I'd at once resort
 To college slaves, and other worthless tools
 Fit for your purpose,—most especial fools.
 O'Connell's friend! the *mild* Jee Jonathan
 Would burst in fury if he were not one;
 The Janus of his party, who beguiles,
 Or rather gulls us with his *childish* smiles;
 The sham "Sir Robert" of a petty few,
 Whose double-face to none was ever true;
 Beneath contempt so low, that all men deem
 Him, e'en in satire a degrading theme;
Ratnett and *Parfitt*, *Billington* and *Lav*,
 No, not the latter, I must him withdraw;
 I war not with the tories of times past,
 I'll try again, and take another cast.—

Stev. Rowley—Puppy *Balls*—Long *Newman*¹—*Teddy*
Litchfield—with *Chitty Wiseman* on his neddy—
Bradwell and *Haslem*—to complete my plan
 I'll *Newby* take, who fattens on cold-scran.—
 There are a dozen,—mould them to your will,
 They'll serve your purpose—every wish fulfil.

Pack them together for an hour each day,
 With *Snowball*, *Neville*, *French*, *Smith*, *King*, or *Ray*,²
 With the "*false Chronicler*," or *Bursar Blick*,
 Or that *in-im-i-ta-ble* (?) spouter, CRICK!!!
 Command their presence!—ye have but to speak;
 Serfs are they all, who bow the willing neck,
 And, dog-like, lick the foot that *condescends* to kick.

1. This tool, like fat Stephen, of Faircloth Hall, has grown rich by the prostitution of his———talents.

2. Tories—celebrated for their orthodox antipathies.

Preparing for Publication.

CANTO V.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

CANTO V.

BY

ONE OF THE UNWASHED.

CAMBRIDGE:
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M.DCCC.XLIV.

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THE ARGUMENT.

THE scene of the Song is laid in that sink of corruption, yeleft "the Eagle," and exhibiteth *Fisher* the fainter, who appeareth at the window, where he watcheth the entrance of the tory tools, who are busy collecting the creditors. Joy beameth in the face of all but that of the Poet, who receiveth nought. *Fisher* payeth them, and exhorteth the rabble to avoid the machinations of the LEAGUE. He exulteth in the prospect of defeating and trampling on the Whigs. The Poet feelth disgust, and departeth.—He heareth and admireth the sounds of soft music, which breaketh upon his ear from the house which adjoineth. He entereth tailor *Bicheno's*, and listeneth. He walketh up and looketh about him; what he heareth, he recordeth. He observeth several embryo clergymen there, which surpriseth him. He leaveth rather unceremoniously. He exposeth the arbitrary conduct of one *Bates*, a bear, whom he badgereth.—He alludeth to the appointment of the notorious *Stephen* of *Faircloth Hall*, whom the immaculate Watch Committee have made Solicitor to the Police Force, in the room of *Bays*, and remarketh thereon. He wondereth how long the town will bear it, and grumbleth accordingly.—He modestly referreth to a meeting between *Adcock*, *Southee*, and *Fisher*, or "Love, Law, and Physic." He describeth the interview at Faircloth Hall. *Fisher* avoideth the doctor, and screeneth himself. *Stephen* surpriseth *Southee*, when he declareth himself attorney for *Kelly*. *Southee* stareth: wherenpon, *Stephen* soapeth him, and tippeth him soft blarney. He trieth to wheedle sundry statements from him, and wanteth some "change," *Southee* hesitateth, and confoundeth his impudence. He lifteth his eye-lash and expandeth his eye-brow. He asketh *Stephen* whether he can see aught green therein. *Stephen* fancyeth he can. *Fisher* tittereth and sneezeth. The doctor smelleth a rat! Thoughts of treachery occur to him. He upbraideth the lawyer and threateneth to wreck the prospects of the whole party. He asketh *Stephen* whether divers persons whom he mentioneth have been subject to such annoyance. He alludeth particularly to *Fisher*, *Bartlett*, *Joe Jonathan*, and the "false Chronieler." His memory reverteth to the fate of *Canham*. He poureth a torrent of words upon *Stephen*, who standeth mute with astonishment. He placeth his thumb against his nose and extendeth his fingers, and adviseth *Stephen* to take a sight!! He bangeth the door and bolteth; and so concludeth the Song.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;
OR,
SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

CANTO V.

ONCE more exulting—ready for a blow,
See *Fisher* stands to pounce upon a foe;
Looks from a window near th' imperial bird,
And utters sounds by far too long unheard;
With hatred—pleasure—scorn—and rapture fix'd,
A strange amalgam of vile passions mix'd;
A host of hungry ragamuffins stand,
Anxious to hear the long-deferr'd command—
“Come, walk in, gentlemen—produce your bills—
“We've just received a box of *Kelly's* pills;
“Or rather *wrung* from Joseph Jonathan
“What he with-held so long from every man.
“We're anxious now to settle all and pay
“Our last election scores without delay;
“We ask no questions, but we calculate
“On your *well paid* support, at any rate:
“We're on the eve of alteration, and
“I know not who ‘a candidate’ will stand.
“We want no items—merely name the sums,
“And hold in readiness whoever comes.

“We shall not canvass those we know are true,
 “But seek fresh converts from the whiggish crew;
 “Name but your price—there will be no denial,
 “Come when it will, ’twill be a costly trial.
 “The ‘LEAGUE’ and all their myrmidons will be
 “Down on us at the sound of vacancy;—
 “Here will be *Thompson*, with his head so white;
 “*Cobden* and *Villiers*—*Gibson*—*Fox* and *Bright*
 “The bold uncompromising quaker—who
 “Floor’d us in Durham with his Free Trade crew.
 “Though last not least—respected by the town,
 “FALVEY will come, who shut up *Charley Brown*;
 “Their name is Legion—and it is their boast,
 “Go where they will, of leaving friends a host!
 “With abstruse doctrines puzzling people’s brains,
 “With forethought malice—forging gilded chains—
 “Sowing dissension—I’d give half *my* land (?)
 “If *Peel* against this ‘League’ would make a stand!
 “I’d stake the credit (?) of my uncle’s bank,
 “Ere I’d submit to such a trait’rous rank!
 “Our plans are laid; be ready—staunch—secure!
 “We’ll win our triumph—and we’ll win it *pure*!
 “There’ll be no Bribery!—but the morning’s post
 “Shall bear our favors, nor regard the cost!
 “No signatures—no words—not e’en a stain
 “Shall soil the paper—thus we hope to gain.
 “They’ll come as *god-sends*—therefore, strike the blow!
 “Crush all the Whigs! and lay the traitors low;
 “Then will we trample on a prostrate—fallen—foe!”

He ended—fully satisfied their wants;
 Bowing and servile, see those sycophants,

Anxious to pawn their freedom—nor be loth
 To sell their birth-right for a mess of broth!
 Yet think me not a base ill-temper'd railer,
 A *mess of broth*¹ bought *Bicheno* the tailor.
 And, hark! what music breaks upon the ear!
List but a moment, and again you'll hear.
 Huzza for *cabbage*! this is coming out,
 When grey-hair'd *stab-rags* give a ball or rout;
 There's lightly tripping on fantastic toes
 At the old tailor's, *turncoat Bicheno's*.

"Fetch in more gentlemen, do, dear Papa;
 "We're clamourous and amorous, a'nt we, Ma?
 "Go, bring them in,—no matter who they are,
 "If they are *gowns-men* they'll be welcome here.
 "Who is that gentlemen who last came up?
 "See how he trembles as he takes the cup!
 "Cannot you introduce me to him, Ma?"

"Lor, introduce yourself, Selina, dear."
 "I *feels* so flurried—I shall sink, for *sartin*."
 "Pooh! stuff and lumber! strike off 'Betty Martin,'
 "Or 'Nix my dolly,' with its *variations*,
 "Mean-while the company shall take their stations."

"I cannot play, for he has *cort* my eye;
 "How pale he's turning!—bless me, there's a sigh!"
 "You silly gal! don't blush in sich a manner,
 "But roll your fingers over the *pe-anner*."

"Ax for his card, Pa."

"Yes, dear, down I'll hop,
 "I've left my *card* and *patterns* in the shop."

1. Esau loved pottage; *Bicheno* loves *broth*! particularly *Mitchell's*! "
 "I have voted all my life to please *myself*—now I'll vote to please my *friends*."—

“Confound your shop and shopboard, how ye tease us,
 “I think ’tis Mister Thingemy of Jesus :

“I’ll just walk by him, and I’ll drop my glove ;

“’Tis the first time I ever fell in love.”

“Stop, stop, Selina dear, nor heedless run,

“And leave the rest to me—you’ve well begun ;

“*De*-tract attention, ere the ice you break,

“And let your mother teach her child to speak.—

“Kind Sir—my darter, Sir—best gal in *natur*

“A modest—soft—*affected* little *cretur* ;

“She, Sir,—wots got sich curly flaxen hair,

“Who play’d just now that *wardeniller* air.

“My darter, Sir—excuse me, Sir—’tis true

“She wishes to be introduced to you,—

“See her *contusion*,—how the color gushes,

“Painting her face with young love’s earliest blushes ;

“She, (thof I say it, Sir) she has no faults—

“Would feel delighted, Sir—she wants to *valtz*.”

“I shall be happy, Madam, and feel proud—”

“Confound that rapping—who is’t beats so loud?”

“Open the door this instant, or asunder

“I’ll burst the pannels,” roars a voice like thunder.

Hush’d in a moment are the merry airs,

Some seek the garret,—some the kitchen stairs ;—

The turncoat tailor totters to the top,

And trembling flies to open wide the shop.

“Sir, you have gownsmen here, who’re best at home,

“Come, light the way, and shew me to the room.

“Why stare thus at me?—I’m the Proctor, Sir!

“BATES of Christ Coll :—and now, Sir, will you stir?”

“’Tis a small party, Sir—my *darter’s* friends.”
 “Aye, so they may be—mine are public ends—
 “And I shall enter—whistle!² if you dare,
 “And quietly I’ll knock you down the stair.
 “Now order all your *darter’s* friends to come—
 “Your name and college, Sir—I’ll see you home.
 “Twice in a week I fairly gave warning,
 “And now ’tis half-past two, Sir, in the morning.”
 Chop-fallen, all—in quiet consternation—
 With fines for some—for others rustication—
 Thus clos’d the turncoat tailor’s ball, or rout—
 ’Twas the first time he brought *his darters* out.

Sing songs of joy! strike off a merry peal,
 Another link is broke, for public weal;
 Another drop is added to the cup—
 ’Tis nearly full, then we shall drain it up.
 Sing, while the echo warbles round the town,
 Another chain is snapp’d by *Charley Brown*.
Stephen the gross, whom crime should render neuter,
Adcock’s to be the public prosecutor³.
 Who more adapted?—need I say a word
 To shew his fitness?—that would be absurd.
 A little longer—a few brief delays—
 He’ll turn out *Harris!* who has ousted *Bays!!*
 But, stop! let memory wander to the hour
 When *Stephen* first enjoy’d a patron’s power,
 And Fortune smil’d in one continual streaming shower.

2. This *mild* gentleman was fined 20s. for a brutal assault on a lad. What a nice parson he’ll make!!

3. Recently the immaculate Watch Committee appointed him attorney for the Police Force.

Well can I recollect,—and now 'tis time
To tell the public in my *bashful* rhyme
The history of *Southee's* interview.

Law versus Physic, in their colours true.

One morning, *Stephen*, in a reverie fix'd,
Serious and sad,—now smiling—now perplex'd—
Was pondering whom he next should victimize,
When *Southee* entered, to his great surprise;
He had forgotten all about a note,
Which, three parts drunk, the night before he'd wrote.
Joy beam'd direct in his enraptur'd face,
No one could any lurking demon trace;
Politely *Stephen* hands him to a chair,
Bade him be seated, and with winning air
Commences an oration—and (between
You and me, reader) 'twas a pretty scene,
For *Fisher* listening stood—hid up behind a screen.

“Dear Sir, I wrote that hasty note to tell ye
“I'm the attorney for our friend, *Fitz. Kelly*.”
“The de'il are you” says *Southee*,—I'll be blest!
“You quite astound me,—through whose interest?”
“Our mutual chum, *George Fisher*,—and your sense
“Dictates to give me trust and confidence.
“You must to me your secrets all unfold,
“Tell each man's price—to whom you gave the gold—
“What bills you've paid and what you have to pay—
“All I must know, and that without delay;
“His seat *must* be defended;—he desires
“You'd give me every item he requires;

"What you have left in hand, come, hand to me."
 "Aye," quoth the doctor, "we may disagree."
 "We can't, dear doctor; let us understand
 "Each other's welfare,—*Soulhee*, here's my hand.—
 "Why do you rub the corner of your eye?
 "Has any thing got in it?"—"Yes, a fly."
 "I fear it gives you pain—can it be seen?
 "Yes, I declare there 'tis." "What colour?" "Green."
 "It *may* be *green*—and so should I be too,
 "If I unfold my bosom unto you."
 "Am I to do the work, and then account,
 "Like a vile shopman, for the full amount?
 "Or a hired labourer, toiling for his bread,
 "When all depended on my hand and head?
 "You know that 'tis impossible to gain
 "Without expending—all attempts are vain;
 "Set Bribery aside—where would ye be?
 "Why in a glorious minority.
 "Through gold—and gold alone—that *Kelly's* seat
 "Was gain'd!—"Tis spent; does he begin to fret?
 "Or doth yourself and *Fisher* need the hoard,
 "And wish to drop *me* gently overboard?
 "Sure as your dame is *visited* by 'Deck,'
 "Cast me aside, and all your hopes I'll wreck.
 "Has *Bartlett* told you how the money went?
 "What he has promised, or what he spent?
 "So very careful of the heavy swag,
 "So very anxious for the Carpet Bag.
 "Joe Jonathan⁴ had thrice as much as me—
 "Has he enclos'd particulars?—has he

4. He had a *thousand pounds* to pay the bills with, but the "*tin*" was useful, and therefore he was loth to disgorge it.—*Evidence of Miles's Boy.*

“Expluin’d to whom he gave the welcome bribe?
 “Catch him at that and I’ll forgive the gibe.
 “Has *Charley Brown*, with brandy face beguiling,
 “Told all the circumstance of nightly toiling—
 “What he expended at the gay soireés
 “Held in Gas Lane—or the festivities
 “Of *Madam Brooks’s* glorious carnival
 “Where all morality’s condemn’d to fall?
 “Where vice and drunkenness supremely reigns,
 “And, fiend-like lives, exulting in her chains.
 “Cannot four prey upon the tribe I wonder?
 “Cannot *four*⁵ turncoats, think ye, share the plunder?
 “I saved the seat by sending far away
 “*Gilbert* and *Humm*; pray who had them to pay?
 “Mine was a reckless game,—am I to be
 “Injur’d in prospect—left to infamy?
 “Thus much I’ll tell ye, that the cash is spent,
 “Without my heeding how, or where, it went;
 “Some overplus—to save me from mishap—
 “Is gone to—us’d up—paid—to *stop a gap*!
 “In life I’ve seen too many ups and downs;
 “I court no favors, and despise your frowns.
 “You want to trap me; then incarcerate,
 “Leaving me nought but *Canham’s* felon-fate.
 “I’ll place myself in no man’s power,—and true,
 “I’ll never make a confidant of you.
 “I think you’re treacherous,—still, you *may* be right;
 “Good morning, *Stephen*!—will you take a sight!!’
 He left the Lawyer mute—and flabbergasted quite.

5. Alluding, probably, to *Fisher*, *Deighton*, *Stephen Adcock*, and himself.

PARODIES ON POPULAR SONGS.

No. I.

ALDERMAN BROWN.

TUNE—*Alice Gray.*

He's all that liquor paints a man,
His cheeks with hectic shine;
Through deep excesses he has ran,
With brandy, ale, and wine:
He scorns to take the watery vow,
All pledges he'll disown;
The pimples glisten on the brow
Of "drunken Charley Brown."

I've watch'd his dull and stupid stare,
When over night he's been
Attempting still to banish care,
In some disgusting scene:
I've mark'd his heavy languid eye,
I've caught his scowling frown,
I've heard the sickening stifled sigh
Of "drunken Charley Brown."

I've told him long ago that he
Would drink himself to death;
But reckless on to misery,
He wastes his fiery breath:
He ought to alter now he wears
An aldermanic gown;
Yet unregardless of my prayers
Is "drunken Charley Brown."

Preparing for Publication, CANTO VI.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH:

OR,

SKETCHES FROM LIFE,

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BY

ONE OF THE UNWASHED,

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38, *EDEN WALK*.

M.DCCC.XLV.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BENCH;
OR,
SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The song commenceth—it introduceth that singular being, CHARLEY WAGSTAFF to the public—previous to his appearance before another court, the unflinching Advocate of the Poor,—the protector of the rabble;—the boldasserter of their wrongs at one time,—the grovelling sycophant at another;—now cozening a tenant,—now harrying a victim;—now bawling liberty and freedom,—now carrying destitution into families;—never committing one act of honesty,—or perpetrating one deed of Charity;—restless—cold—callous and unfeeling;—now the broken Gambler living on his wits, and eating *air*,—now the *eminent* Brewer swaggering in wealth,—a candidate to represent his *native* town;—buying *bargains*,—and ruining himself,—now knocking down hundreds,—*now hiding his furniture!*—how he *cuts up* shall be truly chronicled in the next—the *inimitable* WOODLEY appeareth, wroth and uneasy,—BAXTER busieth himself, and ROWE the *ex-radical* chattereth—JOE JONATHAN findeth himself upon the “*Bench*” again,—he payeth attention to a book which lieth before him,—he looketh at various ditties therein,—he calleth the attention of “his worship” to them,—he readeth then aloud,—and wanteth to punish the writer,—he asketh the Clerk’s opinion,—who declineth to give any without consideration,—he referreth him to BYLES!—Whereupon the *bile* of Wells riseth, he expectorath—and alludeth to the unfitness of the Clerk for his duties, and adviseth him to retire,—DECK attacketh him. but findeth his master,—he yieldeth ingloriously,—Wells croweth,—and pulls up his *tights!*—he declaimeth upon various subjects,—he dreadeth the thoughts of a Prison,—and much more, the seizure of the Corporation Properties.—The Song concludeth.

CANTO VI.

Once more the circle fills! each high-back’d chair
Must on its seat a load of *wisdom* bear:—
The Mayor arrives—the Treasurer appears
Borne down with documents—while thoughtful cares

Seem to oppress the Clerk, whose eager eye
 Swift glances round, and smiles on vacancy—
 Onward he reads—meanwhile his ear denotes
 The rising choler, or the restless throats
 Of well-known radicals—yet hastens on
 Until the murmur swells into a groan :—
 The smother'd flame breaks out ! a *modest* form
 Bursts the dull silence and begins the storm—
 The *unassuming* WAGSTAFF must complain,
 “ He will be heard—nor will he speak in vain.”

With creole face, and arm extended wide,
 See this lank specimen of *Eastern* pride ;
 Scan o'er his tortur'd features, and then mark
 His eye,—the index of a mind as dark
 As his polluted thoughts, which ever rise
 To form a character whom all despise.—

Gods ! what a gospel would this *Patriot* preach,
 Just listen to his loud bombastic speech :
 FALVEY ne'er spake with more impassion'd force,
 He makes our cheeks a channell'd watercourse ;—
 The curse of poverty—the hunger throes—
 Loud he laments, and prates of human woes—
 Nought for himself—but for the people's good,
 Their rights and liberties he'd wade through blood !
 Hark ! what a glowing picture of the poor
 Skilful he draws, yet *drives them from his door*.

The sterling Patriot (!) The People's Friend (!)
 Say, rather *Demagogue*—who strives to send

Like a black vomit, all his mean-ness forth,
 Or, like his *swipes*, unwholesome, meagre froth.
 Their Champion (!) *bully*, foul detested blot,
 Their stain—begone—“out, out, thou damned spot.”
 Look at his palm, how often bought and sold—
 Would gladly sell his very heart for gold.
 Now, see him rise, with feelings wondrous fine,
 The Truth would choke him did he speak a line :
 Venting some clap-trap *eloquence*—to gull,
 And lead astray each shallow brainless fool :
 His hopes—his fears—his wishes—his regrets,
 Half what he says, and much that he forgets
 Might make a pretty speech with *extra* puffing—
 Who was that vagabond that mutter’d *Duffin*?
 Why ring his mis-deeds in his ears just now?—
 Why draw a frown upon his *placid* brow?
 Why doth yon parrot *MUSTILL*—*MUSTILL* call?
 Why doth yon Crow keep caw-ing on the wall?
 Why are the Houses tenantless? and why
 Will all conspire to give his word the lie?
 When creditors are hunting him like midges,
 When devils dangle from the roofs and ridges—
 Pray don’t molest him while he makes a speech,
 And prates of things far, far beyond his reach.
 You hear him pledge *his honour* (!) like his tears
 ’Tis gone—and shifted from this world for years ;—
 Who says that *RANCE** won’t lend him any more?
 What! not assist him now?—he’s *very* poor—
 Because he chissell’d him will he not lend
 Again to save from ruin his *dear* friend.—

* Mr. R. lent him some money when he was in trouble, but in consequence of a trifling error he successfully evaded the payment.

Perhaps he's right—now view him falt'ring stand—
 Smooth—wordy—fluent—how he lays his hand
 Where formerly he *might* have had a heart—
 Now ossified—'tis but a stony part—
 Harden'd and callous—mock-compassionate,
 O'er a rough road he seeks a speedy fate—
 “ A little longer—yet a little while,
 “ My friends, I soon shall cast this “mortal coil ;”
 “ Yet should I like it dearly, could I see
 “ You all contented—independent— free ;
 “ Your taxes paid—and rates diminish'd so,
 “ That half your burdens drop before I go—
 “ Should like to see that fertile misery's source,
 “ A great reduction in “ Jack Sheppard's” force ;
 “ Should like to see those *animals* in black
 “ Pay their police—and give our own the sack ;
 “ Those *locusts* who now fatten on the earth,
 “ Despising all who had a meaner birth !
 “ Those *reverend* ministers who strip the land
 “ Of every comfort which ye might command ;
 “ Is this religion ?” “ Hold your twaddle” bah !—
 “ Shut up—sit down—off—humbug—hark, caw, caw,
 “ Crow wants his Int'rest Charley—can't you borrow,
 “ The deuce he does—then he must *call to-morrow*.”
 Then through his parchment-skin the colour tries
 In vain to force a tinge beneath his eyes.
 “ Roast pork and *taturs*, Charley---where's the *Beef* ?”
 Down reprobates, for ye exceed belief--

* Charley gave a round of Beef recently to a party at the Bull ; several members who were present went by invitation to lunch the next morning, and found that the cold scan (including the said round) was removed to his *own* residence—for home consumption.

Where's the high meed of popular applause ?
 Your gratitude for one who pleads your cause.—
 “ I will be heard ” “ you shan't ” “ sit down ” “ I won't,
 “ Say what you please I'll pocket the affront—
 “ Is this Religion ? I say Mister Mayor
 “ Call silence will ye—order—chair—chair—chair—
 “ Can ye call these *here* Christian Ministers
 “ Who thus refuse their quota—'tis a curse—
 “ They preach but practice not—they can't expect
 “ We can afford to guard them and protect—”
 “ Right—go it Charley—give 'em it ” —“ I will—
 “ Or may I never *one* high office fill—
 “ We bear the expenses of their prosecutions—
 “ Maintain the victims of their prostitutions—
 “ Shelter the wretched wanderers of the night,
 “ Ask we too much ?—demand we more than right ?
 “ The poor get poorer—and the times get worse,
 “ To pay for them, my friends, I'm much averse' ” —
 “ We know you are—you need'nt tell us that,
 “ Pay—*you pay no one*, Charley—hold your chat : ”
 “ My friends behind shall hear me—I'll appeal,
 “ You shall not lacerate me on the wheel—
 “ I'll tell the People how ye truths despise—
 “ Heedless of solemn vows---ye call them lies---
 “ You scorn my counsel---but ye feel each word ;
 “ Be quiet mongrel---fool---knave---pimp---absurd—
 “ Who kept the *hell* upon Newmarket Road---
 “ Why Charley Wagstaff ? ” Thus they urge and goad :
 Go to the Bull ! there's WENTWORTH with his hammer
 Ready to sell *your* houses—That's a crammer ;
 They are not *his*—shadow and substance gone—
 Mortgaged or sold--a lien on every stone—

His *roofs* they vanish rapidly---the tail
 Of what *was his* ere first they forc'd a sale ;
 House follows house---they travel one by one,
 Mortgaged---let---valued---going---going---gone.
 What *crippled* Charley? filching, clutching, claspings,
 O'er-reaching, robbery, finesse, and grasping ;
 Deserted now his creditors attack,
 Downward he drops from *Gentleman* to Jack :
 Who can lament whene'er he sinks to clay---
 The veriest humbug of the present day.

Bursting with rage, see patient WOODLEY rise,
 With serious visage, and with straining eyes :
 Scarce down one nuisance sits, another starts
 To take their various duties, acts, or parts ;
 Conflicting passions paint his angry face,
 Rapid he speaks, endeavouring to embrace
 All topics---but falls infinitely short,
 Causing much laughter, and increasing sport :
 He " hopes to claim th' attention of the Chair,
 " And boldly ventures now to tell the Mayor,
 " We shan't get o'er the business to day
 " If *we* hear all he purposes to say."
 With jaws expanded, see the slaver flies
 Across the table to the Town-Clerk's eyes ;
 Spouts forth his senseless jargon, then sits down
 With all the native humour of a clown
 Who laughs at his own folly---and betrays
 Self-satisfaction in his idiot gaze.
 Old Mitchell's face assumes a savage scowl---
 Down, Woodley down, he mutters with a growl.

BAXTER, a well-known whig in former years,
 Ere party spirit made him feel the cares---
 That is, before he was *compell'd* to be
 The truckling vassal tool, to bind the free,
 Forging new fetters---adding links to chains,
 Earning a trade and patrons by his pains,
 Ere college tutors plac'd the writhing screw,
 Baxter saw freedom with a different view :
 Now, who so anxious to put on the chain ;
 Could Hovell's shade his parlour pace again ;
 Could the old brothers once revisit earth,*
 They'd find *two* turncoats desecrate their hearth ;
 Advance him to the Bench---in " pride of place,"
 Add one more turncoat to the recreant race.

But see another---yet another rises,
 Methought them friends, alas! they wear disguises :
 ROWE† the *ex-radical* presumes to speak,
 Doth shame or sorrow tantalize his cheek ;
 Have you forgot presiding o'er the free,
 Bawling for rights, and civil liberty ;
 What's wrought the change--come tell me Harry, say
 Is it the *screw*, or gold-dust blinds your way.
 Is memory grown so treacherous ? can't you hear
 The " small still voice of conscience" in your ear.
 Vote, but in silence---and in silence still,
 Nor utter words that breathe a tyrant's will.

* Trinity Street and "The Leys" were formerly the residence of the Hovells, two reformers of the old school—now who lives there—BAXTER, an ex-whig! and the Prince of Turncoats, George Fisher!!

† The *worthy* councillor used to attend (and occasionally preside at) Radical meetings—but George Adam Browne is dead, and the weathercock's turned.

Become a dummy---see Joe Jonathan
 Ready again to be the busy man ;
 Mark the emotions of his wrinkled face,
 The town pays dearly for his honor'd place.
 Poor as a parish church-mouse---let him stand
 Yelping and grinning, lead the priest-rid band ;
 Some lawyer keen or other will discover
 Blunders or errors for to throw you over.
 Why not pay COOPER ? will ye force the town
 To litigation for that rusty gown ?
 Why pore ye on the leaves ?---what's there engages
 Your mute attention on those musty pages ?
 Now smiles---now frowns upon your face appear,
 Length'ning the mouth and forcing back the ear---
 Oh, could I borrow once a Poet's pen
 How would I sketch this *tool* of Aldermen ;
 Stammering he speaks—he anxiously declares
 He's found a nest—believes it is a *mare's* !

“ Mister Mayor—order, chair, “ Here is something that vexes
 “ My mind, I must own it, it strangely perplexes—
 “ Some scribblers vile hand mellow couplets have written
 “ Pourtraying my feelings—your own not forgetting—
 “ And as they allude to ourselves will you hear 'em
 “ Or else from those records I presently tear 'em
 “ 'Tis strange, when our books are put up that some elf
 “ Will rhyme on your worship—Charles Brown, and myself.
 “ I propose they be read—well then hold up your hand
 “ All ye who would hear how the passages stand—
 “ For really I could not conceive what engages
 “ Friend Joey's attention so long o'er those pages.”

* There's no amusement when DEIGHTON is absent—him, Woodley, and Wells are like buckets—one down and two up.

“ Well, well, though they stick in my gizzard I’ll read ’em,
 “ And trust that your worship and council will heed ’em,
 “ And take the opinion of BYLES, or we’ll ask all
 “ The councillors present to punish the rascal.”

CONSERVATIVE STANZAS.

“ *Auld lang syne.*”

(As sung by Mr. Charles Naylor at the Conservative Mechanics’ Association,
 plaintively accompanied by PROFESSOR GAGE, on the Accordion.)

The shears that in a BISHOP’S hall—with *bills* such havoc made—
 Now hang in rust near yonder wall—upon the King’s Parade—
 Bright was their steel—and warm the praise—they gain’d me on that spot;
 Their *clipping* powers of *former* days—will never be forgot.

To shield young Sutton’s servile crew—to help a falling cause—
 They did whatever shears could do—defying sacred laws—
 They oped and clos’d ’gainst whiggish foes—but oped and clos’d in vain,
 Suspicious strong around him rose—They were not used again.

“ Here’s scandal *magnatum*—but with your permission
 “ I’ll read o’er the next, though it states my condition;
 “ ’Tis call’d, let the title be known through the town,
 “ Old Joey’s Lament for the loss of his gown.”

Farewell! but if ever you think of the hour
 When we sat in the Hall in our flood-tide of power—
 When the shield of protection o’er villians I threw—
 And pour’d forth their griefs now forgotten by you.
 When Justices Justice, not *law* intervened,
 When BAILEY was sheltered, and THRESHER was screen’d;
 Oh, then was my sunshine of life—and each day
 Brought moments of mirth too delicious to stay.

Turn’d out of your Council, how alter’d since then,
 I’m laugh’d at by boys, and unnotic’d by men;
 There deem’d an usurper—abused like a knave,
 No friend to avert if a shilling would save.
 Things fall on me heavy—and what is far worse,
 Defending this action brings with it a curse—
 E’en now, with derision and joy in his mote,
 A radical comes, and objects to my vote.

Let fate do her worst—she may strive to annoy,
 All hope that is left and each prospect destroy—
 She comes like a vampire, embitt'ring each hour,
 So baneful to peace—so malignant in power.
 Soon,—soon must this heart, which can find no relief,
 Submit to the ravages there made by grief,
 While the finger of scorn onward points to the grave,
 As the last resting place of a renegade slave.

“ Shall I read you another—here's several more,
 “ They seem to increase as I turn the leaves o'er ;
 “ And as it relates to your worship again,
 “ I trust that for silence you'll not ask in vain.

THE TAILOR'S TEAR.

Upon the Bench he sat—and gave a silly look,
 When PUELPS the Chancellor came in—and soon unclasp'd a book :
 They read some record o'er about their rights so dear,
 Which BISHOP promis'd to protect, and, crawling “ dropt a tear.”

He left—the *Clipper* took one glance around the room,
 Where murm'ring sounds his *worship* heard--and wonders why they come
 Loud hisses, laughter, groans—at once assail his ear ;
 He stands astonish'd and aghast—and trembling “ dropt a tear.”

But now, applauding shouts—re-echoed in the air,
 His predecessor left that seat—and hands him to the chair ;
 The yell that burst from freedom's sons—who hold that freedom dear,
 Thrills through his little soul, and he—despairing “ dropt a tear.”

What makes him thus unmann'd? and why do they annoy,
 Who fills an honor'd seat should have—his peace without alloy ;
 “ His dignity !” His “ moral worth !” they trumpet in his ear—
 He knew his friend was *lying* and—that's why he “ dropt a tear.”

Say, shall I go on—had I better stop here,
 As the next may sound harsh to a *delicate* ear ;
 All roar out, read on—“ then FISHER prepare,
 (How much I regret that *you* are not the Mayor !”)

Had I but a thousand a year, Bobby Peel—
 But of that I begin to despair—
 What light would I throw—on what other folks know
 If I had a thousand a year, Bobby Peel,
 If I had a thousand a year.

“ Now what can you need with so much, Fisher dear—
 “ Be once in your life-time sincere—
 “ I am willing to pay—if you only can say
 “ What you’ve done for a thousand a year, Fisher dear.”

I’ve threaten’d, and courted, and pander’d to aid
 Your ministry Bob, I declare,
 My conscience now moans—and inwardly groans
 For a balm like a thousand a year—Bobby dear.

I’ve sold, and like Judas betray’d every friend,
 I’ve trebled the *surcharges** here—
 And didn’t I reveal—what my friends would conceal—
 Then give me a thousand a year—Bobby dear.

I’ve perjur’d myself, Manners Sutton can tell—
 I’ve dirty tricks done far and near—
 And as you well know—I have jumped Jim Crow—
 Then give me a thousand a year—There’s a dear.

Oh ! grant me a thousand a year, Bobby Peel.
 I’d banter, and bully—and *swear*,
 “ Could I trust, or believe—as you *others* deceive
 “ If I give you a thousand a year—Fisher dear.”

My housekeeping charge—on “ the Leys” are so large,
 The expences I cannot well bear—
 A sinecure’ll do—of a hundred or two.
 If you can’t spare a thousand a year—Bobby dear.

I cannot, I fear then, exclaim’d, Bobby Peel—
 Beside you’re a *turncoat* I hear—
 For SNOWBALL must have—the place you now crave—
 I can’t spare a thousand a year—I declare,
 I can’t spare a thousand a year.

* The information given by Fisher about the property of some of the inhabitants materially assisted the revenue.—Many wondered where the knowledge of their private affairs, and the consequent surcharges originated—but when he applied for the situation, which was subsequently given to Dr. Snowball—the riddle came out.

“ Here’s several others now to read—but as
 Our time is precious let me shortly pause—
 I think myself it certainly is cruel
 To libel us—it unto *fire* adds *fuel* !
 Some one’s to blame—but where—on whom to shower
 The rod of Justice or offended power.
 So, Mister Mayor, ere I conclude my task,
 If no one else is ready, I would ask
 Our friend Charles Harris for to guide us right,
 So that I get a motion passed to night ;
 For if our books are kept for scribbler’s pen
 To scrawl whate’er they please on ALDERMEN,
 It does away with wisdom—justice—law,
 (Blister the latter---how I dread its claw !)
 ’Tis a burlesque—a folly— horrid shame,
 To write a lampoon on an honour’d name.
 I’d take the clerk’s opinion—but he smiles :
 Just as I thought---he’ll *write to Serjeant Byles* !*

Up rises Wells !---“ What’s Byles to do with *we*,
 “ *Arn’t* you our lawyer ? don’t you *grab* each fee ?
 “ Is every *haxident* to make a case
 “ For BYLES to *practise* on ? Sir, ’tis your place ;
 “ What do we pay ye for, if you *carn’t* tell us
 “ Without *just haxing* of your *larned fellers* ?
 “ No Byles---no Byles---give up if you don’t know
 “ How to keep books without being scrawl’d in so.
 “ *Git* out---give up---this always is the way,
 “ You *carn’t* do any *think* worth *harf* your pay---”

† BYLES seems quite a favorite of the Town Clerk—he appeals to him on any trivial schoolboy case, reckless of the expence—he talks of giving up—better have a rogue than a *fool*.

First one and then another at him flings,
 And then upon the dais loudly rings
 The BLUE BOOK—scourge of Fisher, and the Mayor,
 Which makes them startle, and grasp firm the chair.

Now rise *immortal* HASLEM !—no—keep down,
 Or they'll throw COPPOCK at your hapless crown.
 This is the season—sweetener of toil—
 “ The feast of folly—and the flow of *bile* ! ”
 Loud cheers, groans, hisses, howling, laughter jingling,
 Loud cries of order, with ‘ chair, chair, ’ commingling,
 ‘ You are, ’—‘ I arn’t ’---‘ who cares ’—‘ nor I for you. ’
 ‘ I’m off (the Captain cries)—gods ! what a crew,
 ‘ Would that I had them on the ‘ vasty deep, ’
 ‘ I’d use the CAT, or better order keep. ’

Proceed to business—Harris draw a case ;
 No—I ll not plunge myself in more disgrace ;
 Sooner I’d lose the paltry situation,
 Than give advice without consi-de-ra-tion—
 To be brow-beat and bullied when I rise,
 By those whose statesments I deny---despise---
 Rather I’d live upon my *compensation*
 Than thus submit to moral-degradation.
 If I retire and bow to such disgrace,
 A well-tried *villain* promptly fills the place.
 I’ll take opinion---or suggest a room
 Be built, about the size of Stephen’s* Tomb.

* I must apologise to ADcock for not giving him a page,—but ere he goes to Germany he shall have a *whole* Book, it may be printed at “ Westerham ” in Kent,— the subject is too good to be hurried over.

FAVELL shall decorate the door---DECK's son
 Now wants a place---*make keeper*---then 'tis done.
 But who'll be bound? why STEVENSON* no doubt---
 He knows him best, for *he has found him out*.
 Has screen'd him whom stern justice would ordain,
 A lengthen'd journey o'er the stormy main.
 'Tis put, and carried---order---now chair, chair,
 See Fisher faints again beside the Mayor.
 Shame Wells to hoist the "Blue Book" for his vision,
 So dreads the sight—do—pity his condition.

Now Muster Mayor, recal your wandring senses,
 I *wants* to know about these *here* expenses—
 "Sit down"---I shan't—you little jumping speck
 Of Suffolk honesty (!) I heard you Deck.
 Perhaps you thinks I *dusn't* know your *woice*,
 You put *me* down—why, I'm the People's choice.
 Where's Master Norris? hold, too bad, shame, shame,
 I'll not be *hinterrupted*---he's to blame;
 He ought to know *here* now I'm not a dummy,
 With *hargyments* I'd mash him to a mummy.
 Who's to pay Cooper? settle *fust* his bill,
 Or to a *bolus* he'll increase the pill—
 Shall it be paid—why yes—but when—by whom,
 Not I—not me—re-echoes round the room.
 Then I *purpose*, like wild geese in a row—
 Led by "John Darms" we *all* to *quod* should go—
 The Mayor lead *fust*—we *foller* in the *rears*,
 And cut the way with his *bill-clipping* shears.

* If a poor poverty-struck and starving wretch had entered the ex-alderman's shop, and stolen a book to obtain a meal, he would doubtless have been sacrificed to the offended laws of his country,—but it is different with rich systematic prigs;—but what's bred in the bone, &c. &c.

Agreed—agreed—“quite different”—the smart
 We’d rather pay directly—what’s our part?
 No parts---the whole or none—touch not the rate;
 Take but a fraction you shall bear the weight,
 For he’ll begin again—so—no more tricks
 Or he will seize the *Corporashun* sticks—

I’m off, the Captain cries—adjourn—adjourn,
 The room’s disgraceful—and deserves our scorn—
 Be ill next meeting, Bishop—I entreat,
 Let *Fawcett* take the now dishonor’d seat—
 He’ll put the check-rein on—and will control
 With firmness—gentleness—he’ll rule the whole—
 Take castor oil—have any thing—the gripes---
 A box of Morrison’s—drink Wagstaff’s swipes—
 Or ale no different—take a hearty pull
 Of any thing concocted at the “Bull.”
 One draught will cure---or will increase the ills
 Clean as a waggon load of Brewster’s Pills.
 Once more adjourn—then call a special meeting;
 Consult the Tutors—then there’s no retreating.

There are proud moments, when with honour crown’d
 We view the aged with their foreheads bound
 With wisdom’s chaplets—there are times when we
 Awe-struck admire a virtuous dignity—
 But must despise, when, and where’er we meet
 Such witless folly on a Judgement seat—
 And candour must condemn this *intellectual* treat.

PARODIES ON POPULAR SONGS.

No. V.

ALDERMAN BROWN.

'TUNE.—*Gipsy's Tent.**Sung by Messrs. Deighton and Fisher, with great applause.*

A fire for the whigs—some hemp—and a tree,
 To suspend them by moonlight, how merry we'd be.
 From the hovel or hut—to the bold baron's hall,
 May famine o'ertake them—or else hang 'em all.
 Hurrah! fill the Cup! to the brim fill, my boys,
 Till the roof-tree shall ring with the sound of our joys :
 Let smiles beam among us, nor wear we a frown,
 But pledge we a bumper to ALDERMAN BROWN.

O pant ye for Beauty—pray where would ye seek,
 Such bloom as emblazons the "Chronicler's" cheek.
 What tints can compare with the colour which glows
 On the soft dappled end of his rubicund nose.
 No laws can controul him—or keep him at home—
 A tippler to gin-shop and pot-house he'll roam :
 Gay Bacchus descend from your realm, and a crown,
 Or *vine-wreath* entwine upon ALDERMAN BROWN.

We are Turncoats—and Knaves—but remember 'tis rare
 We give but to those who've a *vote* still to spare ;
 Much crime (at Elections) will fall to our lot,
 We have sins—can you tell us one *whig* who has not ?
 Let that tribe boast of honor—detract—or defame,
 Like water from ducks—*OCIÛRE* covers the shame ;
 There's few who have spirit with *that* to come down—
 Then pledge a full bumper to ALDERMAN BROWN.

Preparing for Publication.

CANTO VII.

INCLUDING

AN ODE TO *FAT* STEPHEN! &c. &c.

JOSEPH WAKEFIELD DOUGHTY;

33, EDEN WALK, CAMBRIDGE.



THE
WIDOW'S LAMENT,
LITERALLY RENDERED
INTO VERSE,
AND
RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED
TO THE
PARISHIONERS
OF THE
PARSON DESERTED PARISH,
CALLED THE
HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BY
ONE OF THE UNWASHED.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY AND FOR JOSEPH WAKEFIELD DOUGHTY, 38, EDEN STREET.
M.DCCC.XLV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The *Widder* loseth her Pastor—and enquireth after him. She wondereth whether he taketh his rent, as he liveth so long away from the Parish. She reciteth how they have beautified the Church—and what a nice stool is made for his dear legs to stand upon. She alludeth to the stone altar which causeth such discord in the Parish. She thinketh her Pastor inconsistent through refusing to preach—and blameth him for shutting up the church. Her Majesty's visit rusheth to her memory. She remembereth her fright and remarketh thereon. She enquireth why he runneth the Parish to such fearful expences, and thinketh who goeth to Law acteth contrary to christianity, and disgraceth the cloth by begging. She holdeth the treadmill *in terrorem*, and warneth him. She counteth the Tottenham folks have more money than wit—but adviseth Rowland to collar all he can get. She feareth her minister will catch a lampooning—but telleth him the Essex Calves are welcome to him—Rowland winceth, and discord reigneth ! She remindeth him of the disgraceful practice of being carried from one Church to another, and expresseth a wish rather to be buried without any service at all. She brandeth him with Hypocrisy, and alludeth to Cranmer's fate. She cautioneth him not to be a Tool any longer for fear he should lose the Living—and pathetically concludeth this song.

THE
WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh! where is my Shepherd? he's gone far away;
And hath left me a poor lonely widder to stray;
His flock are all wandering! ah! where can he be,
For more than ten years he's been living from me.

Have you seen my Shepherd?---direct me if you
Know aught of the Rover---or say is it true
That he still takes the Rent and the bounty of Anne,
And leaves us poor widders to do as we can:

Is he still so *unwell*(1) that he keeps from the church?
While his 'dear kind good people'² are left in the lurch;
Year passes o'er year,---and 'tis yearly the same;
To be paid all for nought, we all know is a shame.

There's beautiful pavements laid down for the floors,
There's beautiful winders—and beautiful doors;
There's a beautiful pulpit, and beautiful font,
And a beautiful stool when he likes to stand on't:

There's a beautiful cross made to put him in mind
 Of his duty as parson to aged and blind---
 And there's the commandments hanging on high,
 To bid him *sarve* others as he'd be done by.

That Pulpit and Desk's made on purpose to suit,
 When with Pusey he seeks controversial dispute ;
 The seats are all open behind and before,
 Because 'twas impossible he could *see* o'er.

How often my pillar is wet with my tears,
 When I think of his absence for half a score years :
 Oh ! Faulkner ! these fountains ere long will be dry---
 Come teach me to live---and instruct me to die.

If I should turn Papisht in these my last days,
 When my reason grows childish and too often strays,
 Can he blame an old widder whose eyes are still sore,
 Because she can't hear her dear Preacher once more.

Only think is't myself that would like to confess
 Ev'ry sin I commit---and each time I transgress
 To some shaven-shorn priest with a cross on his back,
 A belt round his gown---and his head in a sack.

I'm tarmin'd to see him again ere I die,
 Ere my spirit flies up to the realms of the sky,
 If but to unload all the bile which is on
 My foolish old mind through the altar of stone.(3)

Is't because a stone table is set up therein,
 That he still takes the Rent and yet leaves us to sin :
 He needn't be afeard that will hear *him* at prayer---
 Let him feel his own *head*, there is *wood* enough there.

What matters if credence or altar is made
 Of wood---brick---or stone---if a cloth's overlaid ;
 Besides, at my age how the *sakerment* wine,
 With a wee bit of cake would assist me to dine.

If at Havering⁽⁴⁾ he ventures to lift up the cloth,
 He'll find a stone slab much too hard for the moth :
 'Tant righteous, my Parson---my Ogre---my Beauty,
 To grab all the *Ochre* and never do duty.

I found him at length---lonely pacing the aisle,
 What on earth are *you* waiting for royalty's smile---
 Your gown---band---and flappers, may float in the air,
 But Vic and her Albert *did* mortally stare.

Oh proudly you walk'd up the aisle when the queen
 With her innocent face---and her *illegant* mien,
 She gaz'd and exclaim'd, while her eye beam'd with joy,
 " Who on earth, my dear Albert's that singular boy.

" Ah! don't know, mon Vic, but I'll *ax* when I can
 " See the warden alone, who's that dwarfish old man,
 " Or rather that person who shew'd us the steeple---
 " I think he's here only to frighten the people.

“ Just glance at his foot---is’t the father of evil⁽⁵⁾---
 “ Grammercy preserve us---it can’t be the devil!
 “ So resembling—unearthly—I’m fearful, dear Vic,
 “ If no nearer, he’s first cousin-german to Nick.”

 “ He never must preach before us at Whitehall,
 “ Do hold me—I’m fainting—I tremble--I fall—
 “ Oh send him, good warden, away from our sight,
 “ We can’t view the church while we see such a fright.”

And we (easy souls) were contented with you,
 Whose pledges⁽⁶⁾ were given so frankly---how true
 I’ll leave to yourself---but can’t think it fairish
 That under false colours you run from the parish.

Will litigious disputes, think ye, forward the cause ?
 Will you fly from the gospel to mystified laws ?
 Has a treadmill no terrors---ah! sure as I’m born,
 I have hit it at last---you are looking for *lorn*,*

What a hard case is yours—try—can’t you prevail
 On some Bishop to credit your pitiful tale—
 Some Tottenham old women⁽⁷⁾ their mite may throw in
 To help the good cause (!) Rowland—*collar the tin*.

Is the Temple of Peace---and of God’s Holy word
 To breed only strife and vexatious discord ;
 Is the begg’d for, and cadg’d for amount to be spent,
 And frittered away with the rest of the rent.

* Quære *lawn*.—Printer’s devil.

Ah! better to give up the living by far,
 Than perplex us with law! and episcopal war—
 Are we to be ruin'd while you get the fees;
 But pray understand me—it a'nt as you please—

For scurrilous roundheads will write roundelays,
 Will prepare for your pastime some myrtle or bays;
 And perhaps may not carefully pick out the thorns
 For the forehead of one who all honesty scorns:

For say what you will, 'tis dishonest to take
 Your fees and do nothing---for Charity's sake
 Return us a little before all is gone,
 And at last you're oblig'd to put up with the stone.

If you acted on principle then you would give
 The fees you receive—they would help us to live—
 And many poor widders old heart would rejoice
 If they got but the Cash, let the *Calves* keep you voice.

There's Litchfield and Peters again for the rate---
 Aye knock on together---door's fast---you must wait;
 They visit my neighbours with lengthening face,
 Demanding their money---lamenting their case.

But verily, Faulkner, I say unto you,
 As my age still increases my comforts are few,
 'Tis best to speak out—while your running such rigs,
 There's sense in the cry, Fewer Parsons! more Pigs! (8)

Pray when does your 'license' for absence expire ?
 And when 'gainst the Pope doth your eloquence fire ?
 O come ere your widder sinks down in despair,
 And dying laments she had no shepherd's care.

Are mourners much longer to pace to and fro,
 When Death all-remorseless deals out the last blow,
 'Tis unwise to protract the last scene—and your part
 Is bamboozling the public—and harrowing each heart.

Shall my carcase be borne to St. Clement's, and then
 Have a prayer mumbled o'er me and hawk'd back again
 No Faulkner—I'd rather no lesson be read,
 Than to know such mummary was us'd when I'm dead.

What on earth has a Parson to do with the law,
 There's fools enough surely to fill its wide maw !
 Oh rush from the snare, lest our cash be mis-spent,
 Act only on Principle—don't take the Rent !

You say that you seek no reward in this world ;
 That you've put on your armour---your flag is unfurl'd.
 Is nine score pounds⁽⁹⁾ nothing to take from the poor ?
 Dont the brand of hypocrisy lay at your door.

You say that 'tis cruel—to persecute one
 Who studies their welfare—and leaves them to shun
 All evil by preaching and practice—'tis foul
 To slander a pastor who *cares*⁽¹⁰⁾ for each soul.

You can't in two places be preaching at once,
That's a radical truth---and you're not such a dunce
To believe that "the Camden" will listen to you,
Will build up your Church---aye, and pay for it too.

Only think should you venture to preach here again,
What an untoward blunder---a stigma---a stain
Did you wish to exhibit ?---it can't be you're arter
Becoming, like Cranmer, a highly-dried martyr.

Of a Party you may for awhile be the tool—
May beg from each Bishop—and head of each school,
May beg, till a Beggar for *self* you become
Bereft of a Pluracy—Living—and Home.

You may bottle your Eloquence up till you *bust*,
You may read too the *one-sided* judgement of *Fust*.
You may ruin our Parish—may run us in debt ;
But for one who neglects us we have no regret.

You may kick the Pope's breech as soon as you can,
You may roar your a Victim ! (an excellent plan)
May give up the Living whenever you please ;
May a Martyr become—but don't pocket the fees !

NOTES.

(1) Mr. Faulkner obtained a licence to absent himself from Cambridge a short time, in consequence of ill health. No one knew he was ailing—but although he had a perpetual cure given him at Havering in Essex, he never recovers! Poor man! He is indeed to be pitied!

(2) The usual way he formerly addressed the Parishioners.

(3) The bone of contention between the parish and parson is because the Altar is placed so near the wall that he can't see between—at least that is *his* reason—if any *reason* exists. Others fancy while he can keep the Church closed he will not have to pay a curate. Miles's Boy declares the latter is nearest!!

(4) Rather strange that Faulkner should have been preaching several years in Essex, and not discover that the Altar was marble—and fixed to the wall; but to make the thing a stalking-horse. If that's consistency, Miles's Boy would be glad to know what is not.

(5) The Queen started back two or three paces, evidently alarmed.—The original of Scott's Black Dwarf seemed before her—strutting like a bantam and perfumed like a polecat. *Miles's Boy to his Aunt.*

(6) He pledged himself when elected not to absent himself more than once or twice in a year, intimating that he had no objection to sign an agreement to give up the living (which is in the gift of the parishioners) if he did. When asked to sign, he laughed, and told them it was too late—they should *not* have allowed him to have been read in; but as they had neglected the opportunity, he respectfully begged to decline!

Miles's Boy.

(7) The Bishop of Llandaff sympathises with Faulkner, and sends him a beggarly five pounds—and the Parson eulogizes him accordingly—parading his letter in different newspapers. The Tottenham folks merely acquainted with *his* version, follow the example. Miles's Boy thinks, had they expended the sum about their *own poor*, instead helping to keep discord alive *here*, it would have been more creditable to them.

(8) Had the two thousand pounds paid Faulkner for *doing nothing* been annually and in equal moieties expended for the Poor, what lots of Pork and Coals it would have bought them. Miles's boy's mouth now waters at the very thought thereof.

(9) The motto of a Flag much used in the North, where the folks are wiser—at least that is the compinion of *Miles's Boy.*

(10) He involved the Parish in the law-suit, and now declares he's an injured man! His duties, for nine score pounds per annum, being so neglected for eleven years—not having been known to preach more than twice. *Miles's Boy.*

(11) Cares evidently much—goes away and there keeps. Verily he must be fond of Essex Calves!—and then cries “how I'm persecuted.”—He has *much* cause to complain!

Shortly Ready.

AN ODE TO *FAT* STEPHEN

ON HIS INTENDED

DEPARTURE FOR GERMANY.

THE RED BULL,

WITH THE

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER.



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